

# LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 417.—Vol. XVI.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868.

[PRICE 4d.  
Stamped, 5d.]

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## CHRISTIANITY.

TO be an archdeacon is, we know, to be bound to discharge archidiaconal functions. For the purposes of newspaper discussion, public meetings, and incidental references in novels and other books, the definition of the word Christian is rapidly becoming just about as pregnant. "Oh, dear," said the deserted housemaid, "I wish I was sure I was a Christian; I'd go and drown myself directly!" This simple-hearted antinomianism is intelligible and even respectable by the side of some people's notions of what it is to be a Christian. Lord Westbury, some time ago, informed the world in a few immortal sentences that he owed all his success in life, including his ascent to the woolsack, to his Christianity, which he defined to be making oneself agreeable to everybody. The bare-legged beggar-artist in chalk had another idea; he wrote, in the afternoon, under his coloured mackerel on the flagstones, "Only 3s. 6d. since 9 o'clock! Do you call this a Christian country?" To hundreds of thousands of minds Christianity is still, as it once was, even more than it is now, a purely parochial idea. "There ain't a bit of Christianity in the parish now, sir," complained an ancient constable in a remote village; "the railways and the eddication have a-done away with it all. Christianity? They bum'kins cares no more for my staff *now* than"—with fine irony—"than they would for *you*, sir." Sydney Smith took the parochial view, and, in a well-known article on Methodism, intimated as much by heading somebody's account of his "conversion," in the words of amused surprise, "Brother So-and-so becomes a Christian." The cabman, informed by his missionary fare that the latter was fresh from Japan, took another view of the subject: "Air they a Christian people out there, sir? Do they take their drop o' gin of a morning as we do?" A gentleman of the name of Strong wrote to a contemporary, at the time of Mr. Mill's canvass for Westminster, to congratulate religious people upon the fact that "the great logician of the age" (or something of that kind) had avowed himself a Christian. Mr. Mill is, himself, the author of probably the very vaguest utterance ever made upon the subject of what Christianity is; for he says in his "Liberty," "I believe that the sayings of Christ are all that I can see any evidence of their having been intended to be," which comes as near an identical proposition as we could well get from "the great logician of the age." If this is all, little Billy Wilmerdings took upon himself an easy yoke indeed, when he faithfully promised his mother that if she would not whip him he would experience religion. How many of us have been talking prose all our lives without knowing it.

We are leaving out of account entirely all sectarian questions. Extreme supralapsarians have maintained that the Lord's prayer was not Christian; it omits, they say, what they call the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel—free grace, election, reprobation, effectual calling, final perseverance, assurance, and damnation. This species of low humour we do not trouble ourselves with; but we do assert that the colours and outlines of the word Christianity are, for most public purposes, becoming so faint that the word is in current use all but meaningless. You may talk of enlarging the signification of a word, but Mrs. Browning long ago told us that there are two ways in which a thing may be wide: one, "by greatness of the thing contained," the other, "by weakness of the continent marge."

If the meaning of the word Christianity is becoming wider and wider every day, *not* by greatness of content, but by weakness of margin, it is only undergoing the fate of many other aggregating descriptive words; only that does not exhaust the subject. In his "First Principles," Mr. Herbert Spencer referred to "the religious" with a rich flavour of isolation, as if he were speaking of the Cagots or the Jumpers. But the thing has scarcely come to that pass yet, and it may be worth while briefly to call attention—though it must be done with extreme caution—to the processes of what may be termed endosmosis and exosmosis which seem to be going on with regard to the meaning of the word Christianity.

Ludicrous as the parochial idea of Christianity may be, the translation which the modern spirit is gradually giving to the word seems not less wide of the mark to a good many serious people. That you are to be christened and confirmed; that after that you are to paddle your own canoe, and not refuse to lend half a crown to a deserving object,—this is rather a sterile conception, it must be owned, but Christianity of this kind can be brought within the edges of a higher definition: it is poor, but it may be replenished; it is not, at all events, necessarily alien. But there are large numbers of devout, and also of intelligent undevout, people who would maintain that the criticism of that parish constable, differently read, is a sound criticism. They would maintain that Christianity really and truly has nothing to say to railways and "eddication." We read the other day in a leading article—and the same sort of thing may be read any day of the week—that in a Christian country progress was the law of life; and the ingenious writer went off to technical education, improvement of machinery, Paris exhibitions, proud standing of England at the head of the world's commerce, and similar commonplaces. But, exclaims our objecting friend, where is "progress" to be found in my Bible? Where is literature, science, or art? What I find there is, swift woe denounced upon sinners, unbelievers, and misbelievers; the world getting worse and worse until the End; and the speedy return of our Lord to put an end to all this buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage. Again, continues our objecting friend, you talk about universal toleration, and you call it a Christian sentiment; but now, show me universal toleration in the New Testament. You cannot. I am expressly told there neither to eat nor abide with misbelievers. The fact is, continues this objector, by various tricks of phrases, and ingenious infiltrations of new meanings, you have succeeded in confusing people's minds about Christianity till it has come to signify getting along comfortably. Something more there must be, but a basis of material prosperity is essential. Christianity without railways? Christianity without penny-postage and penny papers? Without clubs and telegrams? Without free trade and cheap delaines, and somebody always preaching progress and internationalisms of all sorts? It is quite certain that the majority of people do mix these things up with their Christianity, and never trouble themselves to ask, for example, whether there has been any natural basis for the aversion which one particular type of Christianity (culminating in Roman Catholicism) has shown to science, or the aversion which another type (descending to supralapsarianism) has shown to art. We are all aware that, in practice, the aversion to art is disappearing in deeply serious Protestant circles,



and that their worldly conformity, as they would once have called it, is now such that, in looking at, say a Congregationalist church, with its well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, its nice organ, its singing-classes, and cheerful reunions, one is half-startled into asking—Is this pleasant association of well-to-do people, who play croquet and read novels—this genial club, tinged with occasional colours of seriousness, and tagged with bits of missionism and Sunday-schoolism—is this a Christian church? But our doubting friend would be compelled to go further than this, though the whole question may be debated upon the ground of that double aversion of which we have just spoken.

Of all the books that have lately been published, if one were asked to name the work in which the modern spirit, as Dr. Newman and Mr. Matthew Arnold would call it, is most prominent, one would probably be compelled to name "*Ecce Homo*." Yet what does this book, by its very title, claim to be? A portrait of the Founder of Christianity! We are quite certain that our recalcitrant friend would say, upon reading "*Ecce Homo*,"—You may, perhaps, have deceived yourself to begin with, so I will not charge you with a deliberate intention to deceive; but to call this Christianity is an audacious pretence. You may, at your pleasure, put *this* meaning into certain words, and take *that* meaning out of other words; but when your work is done, it is assuredly false work, and the new wine must, and does, under your very eyes, burst the old bottles. All this, in fact, is *invented* opinion. You have painted out the old lineaments and the old colours, and painted in features and tints of the Manchester mind and the Comtist mind, with a modern-sentimental brush, just as if you wanted to see how it would look. And then you say, "Behold the Man." You might as well pretend to reproduce the pre-historic priest by the Macaulay process.

We cannot pursue the subject much further, chiefly because it would lead us into fields of inquiry foreign to the use and wont of newspaper-writing. But we may add that we do not believe truth and goodness gain by insincere or half-sincere processes of any kind. The process which is now going on in reference to the signification of the word Christianity involves, or will shortly involve, the significance of the thing itself. It is a process of subordination and absorption. Now Christianity—and we may here frankly take that as a symbol of all religious truth—must for ever refuse to be absorbed or subordinated. It is of its essence that it cannot even be co-ordinated. One rather new feature in the question is the peculiar way—we dare to add the offensive way—in which certain men of science have taken to talk "Christianity" of *their* sort. It is a mixture of arrogance and pinchbeck tenderness which appears, in some inscrutable way, to affiliate itself to the continuity of force and the laws of heat. It begins by praying to oneself and loving Humanity, and it will end, if it runs its natural course, in the most merciless and horrible tyranny the world ever saw. It *may* run its natural course; but we object to its making the circuit in stolen terminology. There is no copyright in great truths, but there is in symbols and watchwords when fighting is to be done.

#### RISK ALLAH AND THE PRESS.

IT is wholly unnecessary to dwell upon the biography of the gentleman whose complaints against two of our contemporaries have just occupied the Court of Queen's Bench for more than a week. We may assume that even the most cursory newspaper reader knows all that he cares to know or that is important that he should know about the celebrated trial at Brussels, and the complicated collection of charges from which Risk Allah Bey then obtained his deliverance at the hands of a jury. The interest of the causes just decided turned in a great measure on the combat between Risk Allah and the counsel against him. But their real importance consists in the light they throw upon the legal position of the press, and its right to report and to comment upon proceedings in a court of justice. Regarded from that point of view, the action against the *Daily Telegraph* has by far the greater significance. It not only raised points of far more moment than the one upon which the action against the *Standard* turned, but it elicited from the Lord Chief Justice a charge as elaborate, as luminous, and as favourable to the real liberty of the press as any of those which he has delivered in the series of remarkable cases of this kind which it has recently been his fortune to try. Without meaning anything disrespectful to his judicial brethren, we may be permitted to say that there is no one on the Bench whose rulings on the law of libel are entitled to greater respect than those of

Sir Alexander Cockburn. It is not too much to say that by his directions to the jury in several cases he has perceptibly enlarged the bounds of newspaper freedom, and that he has placed the right of journalists freely to report and freely to comment on speeches or events of public interest upon a much more solid basis than that on which it previously rested. From the line which he has hitherto adopted he did not depart in charging the jury in the action against the *Daily Telegraph*. He laid it down in the most unrestricted terms that "fair and impartial reports of the proceedings in courts of justice, although incidentally those proceedings may prejudice individuals, are of so great public interest and public advantage that the publishing of them to the world predominates so much over the inconvenience to individuals as to render these reports highly conducive to the public good;" that a paper is not bound to give a full report, so long as its summary of the evidence is fair and impartial; and that a writer is entitled to argue against the conclusions arrived at by a court of justice, provided he does this with good faith and candour. No newspaper can reasonably demand more than is conceded to it in the doctrines thus laid down; nor did Mr. Coleridge contend for more on behalf of our contemporary.

The issue decided by the trial was, indeed, one of fact rather than of law. Did the reports of the *Daily Telegraph* and the leader by which they were followed up comply with the conditions on which the press is protected from responsibility in a court of law on account of statements or arguments to the detriment of individuals? In the opinion both of the judge and of the jury they did not; and we may as well say at once, that in that opinion we heartily concur. Let us take, first, the reports, or rather the correspondent's letters, describing or narrating the trial. Nothing can be more clear than that any one who undertakes to follow day by day the process in a judicial investigation, ought to maintain that suspense of judgment which the tribunal itself maintains. He must not begin by assuming either guilt or innocence. He must not throw into the scale, either for or against the prisoner, outside gossip which is foreign to the trial. He must keep constantly before him the duty of giving the evidence in the most perfect and impartial manner; and to the fulfilment of that duty he is bound to sacrifice the pleasure of displaying his own literary ability, or doing effective bits of word-painting. At all events, if he must describe incidents and points of manner and bearing, he must do this simply as a statement of fact, and must not do it in such a manner as to imply the prisoner's guilt. These are certainly not very onerous terms to impose upon a newspaper reporter or correspondent; and they are, we may add, generally observed by the English press in accounts of great trials which occur in our own country. But the *Daily Telegraph* is not to be bound by ordinary rules. As the Lord Chief Justice hinted in his charge, our contemporary was evidently alive to the fact that we have fallen on sensational days, and was determined to bring up our law-reporting to the level of Miss Braddon's fictions and Mr. Boucicault's dramas. It is impossible to read these letters, for the style of which the defendant's own advocate expressed a significant contempt, without seeing that the writer's main thought throughout was to be picturesque, graphic, piquant. He evidently conceived that it was his duty to send over from Belgium day by day a series of highly-coloured pictures, with the lights and shadows boldly contrasted, and the prisoner always kept well in view, in a striking attitude. Instead of making it his first object to be impartial, he obviously thought that his main task was to avoid being dull. The result was a narrative marked not only by evident assumption of the prisoner's guilt, but also by mistakes in matters of fact which are quite inconsistent with that reasonable amount of care and caution which we have a right to expect from a gentleman who undertakes to report a criminal trial. In the account of the second day's proceedings we find Risk Allah described as "a cross between a tiger and a serpent." In a letter dealing with the fourth day we are informed that "there is no longer the shadow of a prohibition against speaking of him as the Venetian senator, father of the gentle lady married to the Moor, spoke not of but to Iago; that is to say, in the words of Brabantio, 'Thou art a villain.'" Then we have a very elaborately-wrought description of the prisoner's manner, undoubtedly calculated, if not intended, to produce the impression that he was sinking under the pressure of a consciousness of his guilt or of the strength of the evidence brought against him. Next we come to an assertion that, although Risk Allah will be acquitted on the indictment for murder, the proofs against him of fraud and forgery are overwhelming—this assertion, be it remembered, being made at the time when he was on his trial for those very charges on which he was subsequently acquitted. And finally, we have a statement that



was very far from corresponding with the fact, that some experts who had admitted that young Readley might have committed suicide had afterwards withdrawn that opinion. These are errors into which a writer bent upon producing a "sensational" effect might easily fall; but they are not the less unfair to the prisoner, nor the less open to the emphatic censure which the jury embodied in the award of £960 as damages. We are told, indeed, that the public want these "picturesque" accounts of trials; that they must therefore be supplied; and that, for the sake of satisfying a morbid taste for personal description and loose gossip and sensational incidents, we must discard our old prejudices in favour of a sober, serious, matter-of-fact, and judicial treatment of questions still under judicial investigation. But to this we utterly demur. It is bad enough to allow the public to gratify itself at the expense of life or limb, with trapeze performers, dancers on the high rope, or Lion kings; but then those who suffer are at least voluntary agents. We cannot allow the public to be provided with amusement by literary gentlemen who desire to perform vivisection not on themselves but upon others who are by no means consenting parties to the operation. There are some places from which we must exclude the gambols of "graphic" writers; there are some things which we must deny them as materials for the highly-flavoured literary dishes in which they delight. They have got so much that they may well afford to leave the courts of justice and the feelings of men on their trial to those who recognise the fact that there are higher interests in life than the composition or perusal of what Mr. Serjeant Parry irreverently termed "spicy" articles. If from the letters we pass to the leader of our contemporary, we see no reason to quarrel with the view taken of the latter by the judge, and most probably by the jury. That article was not a fair, open, serious discussion of the trial. It did not directly assail the verdict of the jury on facts plainly stated and arguments fairly avowed. What it did was to accept the verdict in terms, and then to undermine its validity by covert insinuations and sarcastic suggestions. Again we say that that is not a fair or proper way of dealing with the conclusions at which a court of justice has arrived. It is a mode of discussion—if it can be called discussion—of which the person against whom it is directed has a right to complain, because it is one which he cannot meet, and the fallacy of which he cannot expose. It is not necessary to the liberty, on the contrary it is an example, of the license of the press. And we do not, therefore, hesitate to express our complete concurrence in a verdict which tends to place a salutary check on a style of writing which panders to a taste that is none the less deplorable because it is prevalent.

The case of the *Standard* stood on a very different footing. That paper had not gone in for "sensational." It had taken every reasonable means to obtain accurate reports, and if it had not altogether succeeded, that was neither the fault of its editor nor proprietor. Its subsequent comments upon the trial were fair in tone and argumentative in style. It discussed; it did not insinuate. No doubt some errors crept into its observations, as they will do into those of the most careful writers. But they were errors not in the slightest degree inconsistent with a sincere desire to place the case fully and impartially before its readers. Moreover, for those errors there was an apology the terms of which may be quibbled over, but which was in substance full and unreserved. The jury rightly thought that it was to the substance they had to look; and they therefore disregarded the carping objections of the plaintiff's counsel. Had Risk Allah Bey been well advised, he would have been satisfied with such a vindication of his character as he had obtained by the result of the previous action; but we cannot regret a mistaken perseverance that has resulted in a salutary result. If the first trial proved that English jurors will not tolerate a misuse of the powers of the press, the latter shows with equal clearness that they will regard its conduct in a liberal spirit, and will not turn a ready ear to perverse objections.

#### ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

IT was inevitable that Mr. Bruce should withdraw his Elementary Education Bill. Since the defeat of the Ministry on Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, it has been clearly understood that the present Parliament could transact no business of importance beyond what was necessary to prepare the way for its own extinction and the advent of its successor. Even if it had been possible for Parliament to legislate on education during the present session, it would not have been desirable. The Government was right in withdrawing its Bill, though in some respects its provisions were well aimed. After such an example, Mr. Bruce would have irritated the House if he had

pressed his Bill to a division. We look forward to the new House of Commons which will assemble before the year has closed in the hope that new blood will bring new vigour, and that many important questions which have hung on the hands of the old House of Commons will meet vigorous treatment at the hands of the new one. Education is one of these questions. For many years we have been aiming at the establishment of a grand system of national education; but opinions as to what that system ought to be have been so balanced that it has been impossible to arrive at any conclusion. It is even doubtful whether there is more than a very distant approach to an agreement as to the extent to which ignorance prevails and education is needed. It is again a vexed question how far it is feasible to trench upon the time of children who are able to contribute by their earnings towards the support of the family, and make them devote that time to keeping up what knowledge they have acquired in previous years. Then there is the dispute between the advocates of a purely secular education and those who think that religious instruction should accompany it; and, over and above these points of difference, there is the dispute whether it is possible to make local rates for the purposes of education, or whether the country's tolerance of taxation has not already been tried to its utmost capacity. There is no reason to believe that the House of Commons has been in the least more able to settle these differences in the session of 1868 than it has been in any previous session when the subject has been brought before it. The Government measure did not offer a project of a radical character. It took the system of education as it found it, and proposed, by patching it a little here and there, to make it somewhat better than it was, leaving a riper measure for a riper time, content to bear the obloquy of realizing small results, provided it kept clear of mischief. That tentative step in advance her Majesty's ministers thought proper to retrace. Education is not a subject to be dealt with, even tentatively, at a time when the representation is in a state of transition.

When men are bent upon some great undertaking they throw everything else aside, and devote all their energies to the one thing. Political parties, which of late years seemed to have such slender ground of difference that it was not always easy to distinguish them, have suddenly found themselves ranged on the opposite sides of a gulf. He would be a rash prophet who would undertake to predict in what time the Irish Church question will be settled. Long-lived iniquities are apt to die hard. Mr. Disraeli has not, therefore, proved himself a judicious tactician. But he has behind him a solid backing of interested motives which does not care much about tactics, and only asks that its mouth-piece shall speak with no uncertain sound. Whether Mr. Disraeli can come up to that requirement remains to be seen. We have no doubt as to the result. It will probably take time to dismantle the Irish Church, to provide for vested interests, and to decide how the revenue taken from the Church shall be applied. But when we recognise the necessity of dealing with the Irish Church first, it must be remembered that we have too many subjects of importance which require settlement in England, to allow this Irish question to occupy the attention of the Legislature exclusively for any unreasonable length of time. That question has cropped up in a remarkable way. It is, like the question of Reform, one of the results of Lord Palmerston's death. So long as that light and airy statesman grasped the helm of the State, we went on leisurely, with a wet sail and a flowing sea. But from the hour of his decease we got into troubled waters. We awoke to the sense that nations have a conscience as well as individuals. More or less imperfectly, we have settled the Reform question. Mr. Disraeli snapped that business out of Mr. Gladstone's hands. But can he repeat that dexterous manoeuvre on the Church question. We doubt it. But till that question is settled there can be no hope for the settlement of the Education question. And we believe that whenever the attention of Parliament is devoted seriously to the latter question, it will be found that all it can do will be to patch the existing system. It may be a pity that we cannot construct a new system universally applicable; but it would be unjust to deny that, by the method of meeting requirements as they presented themselves, we have in a few years done wonders. No doubt it is true that much remains to be done; but shall we have a better chance of educating the people up to the mark attained in other countries by undoing all that we have done, and beginning *de novo* upon a common basis which would set every one by the ears? We think not. Let us be content, then, to abide by the maxim which sanctions systems according to the extent to which they are found to work well. We have already done much; and, if we are satisfied with patchwork where uniformity is impossible, we may easily do much more.



## THE LORDS AND THE SUSPENSORY BILL.

IN these days of rapid advance towards a democratic condition of society, it is surely injudicious on the part of the House of Lords to put itself in a posture of antagonism to a measure which has received so large a degree of support from the Lower House as Mr. Gladstone's Suspendory Bill. The right of the Peers to throw out that Bill, or any other, is of course indisputable; but there are some rights which it is advisable to hold in abeyance. The attempt which Mr. Gladstone and his supporters are making to remedy an old and grievous evil cannot be described as precipitate. The wrong has lasted for at least three centuries, and the ill consequences of which it has been fruitful have gone on steadily increasing throughout the whole of that time. Irishmen and Englishmen have alike exposed the injustice of forcing a people professing one faith to support another; and yet we have been in no hurry to move. Every phase of the question has been debated and discussed; statistics have been collected, and facts examined; we know everything that can be said against the existing state of affairs, and everything that can be said for it, as far as anything can be said at all. Assuredly we are not acting without due forethought, without knowing the exact nature of the case with which we are about to deal, and the probable effect of the alteration which it is proposed to make. It might with much greater truth be said that we have delayed the righting of an ancient error until the peril of any longer refusing justice has become so obvious as to leave us nothing but the most desperate alternative. The Fenian conspiracies of the last few years have forced on British legislators the consideration of the rights of Irish conscience. The risings in Ireland, the outbreaks in England, the raids on Canada, the growing up in America of an armed Irish population counting its tens of thousands, the perpetual cloud of apprehension under which we lie with respect to a very important section of our population, and the consequent necessity of discovering what are the causes which keep this section in a state of chronic discontent—these are the influences which have obliged the Liberal party to take up the subject of the Irish Church in earnest, and to seek some honest way of satisfying the plain justice of the matter. But, although such motives may have hastened legislative action, they have not stood in the place of long and careful scrutiny, of elaborate argument, of exposition of facts and elucidation of opinions. We have all known for years what is thought of the Anglican Church in Ireland. We have been perfectly well aware that it has no hold on the people; that it is regarded with abhorrence as a badge of conquest and a sign of alien rule; that, so far from converting the masses to Protestantism, it has only served to make them cling more resolutely to their ancient faith, with all the fury of a sense of wrong; that it has lost ground while Roman Catholicism has gained ground; that in many districts it wrings revenue from the hands of a population which can hardly boast a single Protestant among them; and that of the Irish people generally only a very small proportion follow the teachings of this Church which all have to support. We have been acquainted with these facts for generations, and we are only just beginning to act. The so-called Irish Church was tried and found guilty long before any of us were born. It cannot, therefore, be said that the condemnation is premature.

Yet the Peers, in opposing the Suspendory Bill, are acting as if the question were not yet ripe for legislation, or as if no case for amendment had been made out. This is a dangerous trifling with public opinion, in which their Lordships are not showing good sense to indulge. Can they hope to do more than stave off the fate of the Irish Church for a session or two? Do they conceive it possible that anything can ultimately save it, or delay its doom for long? When we find the existing House of Commons, elected at a period of political apathy, and by a narrow suffrage, determining, by repeated majorities of more than usual magnitude, to put an end to an evil which has now become intolerable, is it likely that a Chamber chosen by household suffrage, and with the whole question placed before them with all the clearness of a party issue, and all the illustrations of the recent debates, will hesitate to repeat in a yet more emphatic manner the resolution of the session now expiring? And if the Lords propose to follow the same course of opposition next year, does it not behove them to think beforehand what will be the probable results of contending with a power which has invariably proved itself the stronger? The Upper House may of course throw out Bill after Bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, or for making provision towards that end; but it must succumb at last, and the probability is that it will ultimately be compelled to pass something more extreme than would at first have been accepted by

the aggrieved party. There is no dignity in this vain struggling against the inevitable, followed by submission, after many blows, to terms which have gathered additional stringency from the irritation of conflict. The Lords would do wisely to bear in mind some previous passages in their annals. They were no friends to Catholic emancipation; yet they passed the measure, from fear of an Irish insurrection. They fought desperately against Lord Grey's Reform Bill; yet they gave way at length in prospect of an English rebellion, and of the creation of a host of brand-new peers. They had a rooted antipathy to the Free Trade Bill of Sir Robert Peel; yet they forbore from throwing it out at the earnest solicitation of the Duke of Wellington, who showed them what would be the consequences of a refusal. They extinguished Mr. Gladstone's Paper Duties Bill in 1860, and were forced to swallow it against their will in 1861. Wherever the people have been determined, the Lords have been obliged to yield; and when the resistance has been prolonged, the final surrender has been deprived of all graciousness, or even self-respect, and the Upper House has taken another downward step in the estimation of the world. At the present time, that House cannot afford to play any tricks with what remains to it of popular esteem. It has for several years sunk lower and lower in the regard of Englishmen, until it is now looked upon by many as the most clumsy and illogical part of a Constitution not very symmetrical or reasonable at the best, but which is being gradually amended in a way that is not the way of aristocracies. The manner in which the Peers idle through the early part of every session, and only wake up towards the end, when the greater activity of the Commons has provided them with measures to sanction, or disallow, or mar (it is but seldom that they improve them), is provoking something like a dangerous contempt, which may possibly take the form of a yet more serious anger. There are not wanting symptoms of a demand for reform in the House of Lords, no less than in the Commons. Nothing can be more foolish than to provoke a sentiment which may as yet be only latent, but which opposition, and the imperilling of great Imperial interests, may rouse into very potent and unquestionable life. The tendency of the present day, in all countries characterized by progressive civilization, is against the idea of aristocratic domination. The principle of an Upper House of some sort may not be shaken, but the principle of hereditary statesmanship, over-ruling the decision of elected Chambers, is most decidedly losing ground before the enormous and singularly rapid growth of democratic power. It is ridiculous for the Peers, spiritual and temporal, to shut their eyes to this fact; it is worse than ridiculous to try and thwart it, being seen. These are not times in which a great measure of justice, on which the peace and loyalty of a whole kingdom depend, can be doffed aside at the will of a few noblemen who, in virtue of a feudal arrangement, have it in their power to obstruct the determination of an elected House, backed by the Liberal opinion of the whole empire. Ireland is our ancient creditor for a long-deferred act of common justice, of sense and probity. We are at length willing to pay our debts, and it cannot be permitted that the good intentions of the English people should be rendered of no avail by the prejudices of a clique, and by the self-interest of the representatives of that very corporation whose misdoings have been solemnly condemned.

## A SCHEME FOR AN IRISH PROPRIETARY.

MOST of the proposals which have been made for the creation of a farmer proprietary in Ireland have been large enough as to their proportions and admirable as regards their intention, but have had the disadvantage of not being practicable. Mr. H. D. Davies, in a recently published pamphlet, suggests one which is perfectly practicable, and would have the advantage of stimulating the co-operation of the people themselves in a direction towards which all their sympathies would attract them.\* Its principle is the same as that already at work in England in the various building societies, many of which have proved great commercial successes; namely, that while the occupier is paying his rent, he is purchasing the house in respect of which he pays it, simply by paying a little more rent than would be due from him as an ordinary tenant. Mr. Davies would introduce this system into Ireland and apply it to land. Looking, however, to the somewhat unsettled state of things there, he asks the Government to grant a charter to a number of gentlemen,

\* A New Proposal for the Gradual Creation of a Farmer Proprietary in Ireland. By H. D. Davies. London: Longmans.



of such character and position as to command public confidence, and thus enable them to invite capital at a guaranteed rate not exceeding  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 per cent. This done, the Corporation, thus accredited, would "specially seek to raise capital in Ireland, in order, with the savings of one class, to purchase land there from those who would be willing to sell it." It is a frequent, and a just complaint, that Irish capital is applied to any but Irish purposes. Here is a plan of somewhat lessening the ground of that complaint. There is no immediate means of increasing the prosperity of Ireland so easily as by creating a farmer proprietary. It would put an end, as far as it extended, to the system of rack-renting. It would make it the tenant's interest that the land should be cultivated to the best of his power, for he would be owner as well as tenant. It would again, as far as it extended, do away with the pernicious system of absenteeism. It would, above all, be a guarantee for the peace and stability of society, acting as a discouragement of professional agitators, and a bulwark against any tide of sedition which might from time to time set in towards our shores from America. There is no doubt that when the Corporation had purchased land and offered it for sale in small lots, upon the principle proposed, purchasers would be easily found. "As a matter of fact," says Mr. Davies, "it can be ascertained that, whenever estates are put up in small lots by the Irish Landed Estates Courts, the tenants make every effort to purchase their holdings." He then cites the case of the Duke of Devonshire, who, three years ago, offered a portion of his estates for sale, giving an option and a preference for purchase to the various occupying tenants. "In almost every case they became the purchasers of their own farms. They were enabled to do so because their holdings are of a fair size, and they had never been rack-rented. The local banks made advances to the more solvent and industrious, and the result has been to establish a contented set of farmer proprietary on this portion of the Duke's Irish estates. On other estates not only do the tenants never receive such a choice, but are tenants-at-will upon miserably small farms, under an absentee landlord, and have frequently only to deal with the *employé* of an absentee agent, who keeps a machinery in Dublin for the wholesale collection of rent." Grant, therefore, that a corporation of the kind proposed could be formed, it is almost impossible that it should fail to create a social revolution in Ireland of a peaceful and beneficent character.

If a project of this kind were contemplated for England neither a charter nor a Government guarantee of interest would be necessary. In fact similar projects have long been in operation here. But in Ireland the case is different. We have there a population simply existing upon the soil, without receiving any of the benefits of commercial activity,—except in the north,—raising its produce and selling it; a population, moreover, tainted more or less with disaffection towards the British Government. That Government has been asked to do much harder things for Ireland than Mr. Davies proposes. He asks it to inspire confidence in the plan under consideration by identifying itself with it in a manner which practically involves no risk whatever. Against this nominal exertion on its part there is much that it would gain. In the first place by guaranteeing interest at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 per cent. it would in effect be creating a savings bank in which persons of small means could invest their savings without limit, at a higher rate of interest than they get in the ordinary savings banks, or even in the public Funds. In the next, Government would have the merit of ranging itself on the side of the people with regard to an interest about which their feelings are most acute—the possession of land. Several influential Irish newspapers have already pronounced favourably on the project. We can conceive nothing more likely to conciliate the Irish peasantry than such a step. Perhaps not one in a hundred ever heard of the principle of our building societies. They would look upon the ultimate acquisition of the fee simple of land by paying a little more than their ordinary rent for a number of years as something like a free gift; and we must bear in mind that when the system of rack-rents has prevailed the freehold would be obtained from the proposed Corporation by paying, not more, but less than the rent to which they have been accustomed. And here we may mention a part of Mr. Davies's plan which complements the principle of the building society by the principle of life insurance in a way which we should be glad to see adopted not only in Ireland but also in England. "In order," he says, "that the family of the purchaser should under all circumstances receive the full benefit of the payments which have been made, and to induce the more prudent to enter into such engagements, freed from the apprehension of leaving their

families involved with a debt, supposing the purchaser were to die before the payments were completed, so as to render him owner of the estate, I would propose that a second set of tables should be calculated by the Government actuary, which, by fixing the amount of rent at a slightly higher rate, would include the premium necessary to provide against the contingency of the death of the purchaser before all the instalments had been paid, and in that event extinguish all claims for further instalments." By this means, supposing the tenant had agreed with the Corporation to pay the purchase-money of the farm by fifty annual payments in the form of rent, and were to die after making the first payment, the farm would become the property of his family. There is the benefit of adding the principle of life insurance to the principle of the building society, and making them work together.

Mr. Davies hopes that if his plan were adopted we might ere long see in Ireland a considerable tract of land in the hands of substantial farmers. We think it probable that this expectation would be realized, and we do not see how it could well fail. The project has no affinity to the family of "Nostrums." It is based on pure commercial principles, on which in England we are acting prosperously every day of our lives—which we have tested for generations and know to be sound. We should say that is the very kind of agency which Ireland wants above all others. Her capital goes to fertilize any other industries but her own. Every shilling that might be subscribed to Mr. Davies's plan would be spent on her own soil, on her own people, and for her own purposes. This is above all things what Ireland wants. The supineness of the Irish people in Ireland as contrasted with their industry elsewhere is explained by the fact that out of Ireland they have a motive for exertion, and in it none. What has a rack-rented tenant or a mere tenant-at-will to labour for? Mr. Davies's plan, as far as it could be brought into operation, would do away with this contrast, and would be a great step towards that new state of things in the sister country which we all desire to see.

#### YACHTING.

WHILE the great holiday-months are as yet only on the horizon, and fagged Londoners are wearying for that sudden centrifugal force which annually scatters them to the four winds of heaven, the yachtsman of pure blood is already engaged with his favourite pastime. Erith finds him playing billiards in the hotel of an evening; Gravesend watches him smoking on the deck; Cowes admires his white trousers and shoes, his blue jacket and gilt buttons, his audacious air and well-counterfeited swagger. All round the coast, indeed, he is visible just now, in quest of fine breezes and safe moorings, lamenting that this or that trifling particular should prevent his craft from carrying off all the prizes, and wondering in his own mind what his sensations would be if he owned the *Fiona*. The yachtsman is always proud of his yacht; but he is never satisfied. He does not perceive the true charm of the pursuit—the healthy exercise, the fine air, the intense and joyous excitement which thrills and purifies the blood—so hampered is he by that morbid desire for comparison which destroys other people's pleasures as well as the yachtsman's. The enjoyment of yachting-life is invariably beclouded by this insane passion for making splendid runs and having them chronicled. To the exoteric lover of yachting, nothing could seem more delicious than a month's quiet coasting in the *Juno*; and he regards the owner of the *Juno* as the most favoured of mortals. The master of the *Juno*, on the other hand, has his nights disturbed and his days rendered a misery to him, because of the superior sailing qualifications of the *Jupiter*. Fly where he will, the shadow of the *Jupiter* pursues and haunts him. Does not the owner of a celebrated bull-dog, or of a celebrated trotting cob, or of a champion rose rest as it were in the centre of a great spider's-web of apprehension, conscious of the approach of any competing power? This, in fact, is the only trouble which the yachtsman cannot leave behind him when he steps on board his yacht. He can snap his fingers at all other evil influences. If a few parties, an occasional picnic, and an evening in a box at the opera have somehow disquieted him, and caused him to consider in an anxious manner whether, in the event of his marrying, his beloved yacht must be relinquished, he has only to get on board, weigh anchor, and set off for a brisk and buoyant voyage to the Hebrides, where the long swell of the Atlantic and the rough northern winds will speedily cure him of his land-sickness. In the soft atmosphere of ball-rooms he is apt to exaggerate the importance of blue eyes. Running up Loch Fyne before a brisk south-westerly wind, with just a touch of spray coming over from time to time on the white



deck; with screaming tern, and floating marrots, and high-poised solan-geese, and wheeling gulls about, and with now and then a few wild-duck coming just within shot, Helen herself might beckon to him from the cabin without being heeded. Creditors are forgotten. Enemies are no more thought of, or easily forgiven. The strong, energetic stirring of the blood by the wind and the sun and the sea raises him beyond the meaner cares of the gentlemen who live at home at ease. Brisk circulation refuses to consider trifles; and the only subject of pressing and immediate gravity which he cannot escape is the question whether he would not prefer to starve for two hours more rather than sacrifice the brilliant weather by going below for dinner.

The scientific yachtsman, however, is considered to have no pleasure in sailing except as a test of speed. He is like a man who devotes his life to the training of fast horses, and who does not enjoy riding. The scientific yachtsman is always correct in costume, that being a part of the pursuit which he has thus deliberately chosen. Perhaps he fancies that any other dress would catch the wind and retard the speed of his vessel in some critical race, or it may be that he believes *Æolus* would be less inclined to favour him if he did not wear club-buttons. One can easily understand the pride and pleasure of the man who owns a very large yacht; but for the real enjoyment of yachting a small yacht better commends itself to the non-professional mind. The large yacht has the advantage of offering every form of personal comfort to its visitors. The cabins are roomy and well ventilated, sleeping accommodation is perfect, and it is possible to have everything in the way of cooking which the imagination of man can desire. After all, however, one might as well be on board a large steamer. People who like the motion of the sea, the bustle and excitement of sailing, the humorous vicissitudes and experimental ingenuities of yachting-life, do not put a good dinner and a comfortable bed at the head of the list of requisites. The big yacht is not so big or comfortable as a well-appointed ship, while it offers none of the amusement necessarily accompanying a voyage in a small craft. Inexperienced sailors should know, also, that the smaller a vessel is, the less chance there is of incurring sea-sickness. We do not so often hear of people becoming sick in an ordinary small boat or sailing-launch; but some people readily get sick on board a large yacht, while the majority of the passengers by Channel steamers, if the weather is inclined to be rough, begin to feel queer before they are out of sight of land. But the grand feature of a cruise in a small yacht is the perpetual upsetting of all our notions of order and harmony and comfort. It is like the revolution which the author of "Lilliput Levee" describes as having broken out in Lilliput Land—a far more bewildering and astounding reversal of things than is possible in a merely political crisis. When the yacht, carefully provisioned for a month's time, leaves harbour, the nice and orderly arrangement of everything is quite remarkable. One is lost in astonishment to find how large jars, and hampers, and wrappers, and extra bedding, and what not, have been stowed away in the little place, and still more astonished to find that dinner can be cooked in the fore-castle without a trace of the operation being visible elsewhere. Things begin to alter, however. The first night on board produces a wonderful change in the large soft bundles of bedding. Then little articles are wanted, necessitating the opening of hampers. No one seems to have time to close these again; if they have, they do not know how. When anybody grumbles, he is told he mustn't be so particular; and thereupon he falls into the rough-and-ready fashion of his companions. A week of this abandonment, and the whole place is in a state of flagrant anarchy. Shoe-brushes, mustard-pots, hams, kegs, charts, telescopes, pickled onions, and the last parcel of books from Mudie's are flung promiscuously together; and whoever wants any one of these things seizes it by scattering the others. Some gunpowder has been dropped on the Strasbourg pie by a clumsy experimenter, who has also scattered a quantity of swan-shot generally over everything. Hooks of all kinds, and fishing tackle, attach themselves to whatever is nearest them, but chiefly to the bedding and the spare over-coats. A pair of slippers lies on the bacon; and the corkscrew peeps out, as a book-marker, from Mr. Kinglake's last volume. "The Spanish Gypsy" is prostrate among bottles of Bass; and Bradshaw, lying on deck, is suddenly caught up and whirled overboard by the wind—a deliverance for which everybody professes himself thankful.

Yachting life of this confused and reckless kind, the reader may fancy, would teach men to stay on shore, and be comfortable, and marry. It has the opposite effect, as a rule. Clearly, the man who marries expects that swan-shot will be kept out of his mustard-pot, and that his newest books will not

have stout poured over their fly-leaf. But on board a yacht a man finds life quite bearable, even although such accidents occur. Nay, he rather prides himself on the careless, hand-to-mouth, experimental manner of living, and fancies himself some Robinson Crusoe contriving to exist, without assistance, by the mere force of his intelligence and manual dexterity. Indeed, for a contemplative stranger to drop into such a yacht at dinner-time, and observe the conscious satisfaction of a lot of raw young bachelors over the repast which they, in conjunction with a mysterious creature in the fore-castle—half cook and half sailor—have elaborated, is an interesting study. The empirical acquaintance they exhibit with regard to preserved meats, and the methods of cooking the same, would astonish some of the gentle beings of eighteen who have been accustomed to regard these male acquaintances of theirs as being only one shade more ignorant of everything—if that be possible—than themselves. Charles, who never did anything more vehement in his life than sneer at "Marta" and say he thought "Adam Bede" a rather clever piece of writing for a woman, has the most decided views about the cooking of preserved kidneys, and will enter into an infuriated argument about the best kind of chutney. Alfred, whose soul has for years been bound up in his collar and necktie, now wears no collar at all, cannot be bothered looking for his comb and brush in the morning, and cares no more for the tar on his lily-white fingers than if it were the impalpable stain of rose-water. Fine complexions are scorched into a gipsy blackness; hands are scratched and pricked by hooks, and bruised by some unexpected lurching of the boom; clothes are torn, and soiled by jam, and beer, and salt water, until their owner looks like a Thames-steamer steward out of work. But the life is very enjoyable for all that; and both Charles and Alfred are bettered by being lugged out of their ordinary groove for a brief period. By-and-by they will drop down again into their customary indolent indifference; but traces of the sea water and the sea air will remain in their blood and help them to bear a little better against the cruel doom of doing nothing.

#### SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

THE debates in the House have been of wide and various interest. The Government measures have made good progress, and have passed their more important stages. The scene of conflict has now been transferred to the Upper House. The Scotch Reform Bill has been read a second time by their lordships. The debate on the Established Church (Ireland) Bill occurs too late in the week for notice or comment here. On Monday Earl Russell will probably invite the Peers to consider the report of their Select Committee on Mr. Gladstone's Church-rate Bill. On Tuesday the Lords will go into Committee upon the Reform Bill for Scotland. The Peers have had unusually little to do this year, but for the rest of the session they will be overwhelmed with Bills, and it will be a race against time to consider and agree to them.

The Irish Reform Bill, we were told, was to be the measure of the House. It was said to have no "vital principles," and the language privately held by members of the Government was that the House might mould and shape it at its will. Not to be outdone in generosity, as it would seem, the House passed the Bill in all its essential features as it issued from the vote office. Mr. Lawson's attempt to make the borough franchise a £4 rating, instead of "more than" £4, was defeated. Colonel French's amendment, reducing the county qualification from a rental of £12 to an £8 rating, was equally unsuccessful. And the Government accepted a suggestion that the question of the redistribution of seats should be postponed until another session. The Irish Liberals do not conceal their dissatisfaction with the English and Scotch Reformers. They waited in the House during many days and nights, they allege, to assist the English members in passing the Reform Bill of last session, and they deserved a more generous support in their attempts to render the Irish Bill more democratic. Perhaps the recent Fenian outbreak may explain, if it does not altogether justify, the action of the English Reformers. As to the Scotch members, they deny that they received the assistance they had a right to expect from the Irish Liberals, and they instance the opposition given by Colonel French and other Irishmen to the proposal to give Scotland ten instead of seven seats—a motion which, but for the Irish members, they had a fair chance of carrying. There was a stormy and clamorous scene last week on Mr. Brady's motion for taking the votes at Irish elections by ballot. Mr. Brady was for accepting the Premier's offer to discuss the



subject on the report, but Sir John Gray insisted on forcing it to a division.

The Boundary Bill has been read a third time, and passed, in the Lower House. Its main clauses, founded upon the report of the Commissioners, having been replaced by the new clauses recommended by the Select Committee of the Commons, it will doubtless be open to Viscount Eversley, the Chairman of the Commission, to move the substitution of the original clauses. Seeing, however, that the boundary of Parliamentary boroughs is a matter peculiarly affecting the constitution and privileges of the Lower House, and that Lord Eversley and the Commissioners have wisely abstained from treating the alterations made by the Commons as a personal slight or reflection, it is tolerably certain that the Boundary Bill will pass the Lords with little or no alteration.

The Electric Telegraphs Bill has passed a second reading and been referred to a Select Committee, which was nominated on Tuesday. The instructions were challenged by Mr. Bouverie, but they were shown to the Opposition and to Mr. Leeman, the representative of the telegraph companies, before being placed upon the notice-paper, and accepted by them as giving a sufficiently wide field of inquiry. It is, however, rumoured that the Select Committee will find about seventy witnesses ready to be examined, so that the prospect of the Bill passing both Houses during the present session is extremely doubtful.

Another of the new-fangled morning sittings, from two to seven, was on Tuesday devoted to the Public Schools Bill, but with very slender result. On the first day four clauses occupied the whole of the sitting. On the second, many clauses of the Bill remained to be discussed when the Chairman reported progress. One or two under-masters of the schools interested were under the gallery, with copies of the Bill in their hands, but the House was much thinner than on the previous occasion, and the debate far inferior in vigour and interest. The claims of local tradesmen and the upper class of artisans to send their children to these schools was advocated by Mr. Mill, who said that although they could not all hope to participate in the highest education given at the schools, yet this privilege ought at least to be given to the *élite* of these boys. Mr. Labouchere tried to induce Mr. Lowe to serve upon the Commission, as he held sound common-sense views on the subject of education. "He would put an end," said Mr. Labouchere, "to that system of teaching only Latin and Greek, which makes us all such ignoramuses." The House laughed, with something of a murmur, indicating that, on such a subject, "every one ought to speak for himself." Mr. Walpole said that nothing was predetermined in the Bill against the claim set up by Mr. Mill, &c., and a proposal in the Bill to establish a separate and inferior school for the poorer inhabitants was combated so warmly on the part of the people of Harrow and Rugby that it was withdrawn. An amendment by Lord Enfield was eventually accepted, which will permit the establishment, not of a separate, but a lower school in each town out of the endowments. The composition of the Commission which is to carry out the Bill was somewhat criticised, but when the Committee had divided on a proposal to omit the clause nominating the Commissioners, Mr. Serjeant Gaselee, who had challenged the clause, found two members to go into the lobby, making, with the Serjeant and his fellow-teller, four dissentients!

The Election Petitions and Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill has disappeared from the paper since the 20th of May, in order that progress might be made in the mean time with the more urgent measures of Scotch and Irish Reform, the Boundary Bill, and the Registration Bill. On Thursday it reappeared as the first order of the day. The Select Committee some months ago recommended that the jurisdiction for determining election petitions should be taken entirely from the House, and transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench. The judges, however, strongly protested on constitutional grounds against having the jurisdiction imposed upon them; the Government thereupon proposed to establish a new tribunal for the trial of election petitions, to consist of two judges of the superior courts nominated for the purpose, who would cease to be ordinary judges. They would conduct election inquiries upon the spot, and when not so employed would act as members of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council and of the Exchequer Chamber, or any other court of appeal which may be established in its place. Mr. Gladstone expressed his approval of the alterations, and an amendment, moved by Mr. A. Mitchell, maintaining the ancient right and privilege of the House to "hold in its own hands the power of determining who are its members," was negatived. It is felt to be absolutely necessary, on the eve of a general election, to institute a new and more satisfactory tribunal for the trial of election petitions; but, with respect to the second branch of the subject, it is more

difficult to legislate effectually for the prevention of corrupt practices at Parliamentary elections at so advanced a period of the session, and during the absence of so many members from town. It is remarked that, although two Reform Bills have been before the House, Mr. Henry Berkeley has made no attempt to renew his usual motion in favour of vote by ballot. The subject was indeed incidentally decided in Committee on the Irish Reform Bill; but it is somewhat remarkable that, while Mr. Bright and the advanced Liberals are of opinion that this ought to be one of the first Reforms made by the new Parliament, they have made no attempt to educate the public mind on the ballot during the present session.

Another of those aimless and desultory discussions on public education, which are associated with the name of Mr. Austin Bruce, occupied the House during the greater part of Wednesday. Mr. Bruce inflicted another of his diffuse and ineffective speeches upon the House on moving that the order of the day on his Elementary Education Bill be discharged, the discussion degenerating into a dispute between himself and Lord R. Montagu as to the value of the statistics on the subject put forward on both sides. The House, knowing how easily such figures can be "cooked," appeared to think them equally unreliable and unimportant, but some statistics which come to us from Birmingham, and which were cited by Mr. Dixon, the junior colleague of Mr. Bright, seem to be incontestable, and, as far as they go, exceedingly valuable. About 1,000 young people between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one employed in the manufactures of that town were, by desire of the Birmingham Education Society, subjected to a searching inquiry by the principal of a training college, when it was found that only 36 per cent. could read, that only 27 per cent. could write, and that only 20 per cent. could be said to be possessed of a very low standard of general information. These results are by no means satisfactory. Public meetings were thereupon held, funds were raised, and provision was made for the education of about 5,000 children in Birmingham who were unable to attend school on account of the poverty of their parents. Mr. Dixon declared that the voluntary principle is quite inadequate to grapple with the mass of ignorance that prevails in our great towns. He argued that local rating and compulsory attendance at schools were both necessary, and predicted that these views would be cordially adopted by the new constituencies. The subject of national education will apparently be left to be dealt with by Mr. Gladstone's coming Administration, and the very best man in his Cabinet should be "told off" for this great work.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Italian Government gradually progresses towards the solution of the only difficulty which remains to Italy—the balance of its income and expenditure. From a report just published by Count Cambray Digny on the financial condition of the kingdom, it appears that the amount of deficit estimated by him on the 20th of January last is to be reduced by fifty-one million lire, or two millions sterling. Italy has been so recently on the verge of bankruptcy, and her hopes have been so trifled with by optimistic financiers, that this announcement cannot but be most satisfactory, and must give stability to the Government. Count Cambray Digny entered office with the determination not to make things look pleasant which were naturally repulsive, but to look them in the face as they were. He knew that facts, especially pecuniary facts, possess an inexorable logic, and will ultimately speak for themselves. Had he followed the example of his predecessors, and taken a flattering view of the relations of the revenue to the expenditure, he would have doomed the country to a bitter disappointment. In avoiding this error, he showed wisdom and courage, and now he has his reward in being able to tell Italy that her indebtedness is by two millions sterling less than she thought it.

He thus brings forward his proposal, to farm out the manufacture of tobacco in Italy, under favourable auspices. This project is intended to cover the deficit of 1868-69, and will allow him to devote the amount arising from the sale of ecclesiastical property for the removal of the forced currency, which will require a sum of 480,000,000 lire. Count Cambray Digny hopes that it will not only be equal to this charge, but will leave a surplus in hand towards the liquidation of previous deficits. The farming of the tobacco manufacture has long been talked of; and the belief that if the monopoly now in the



hands of the Government were properly administered, it would be much more productive than it is, is confirmed by the favourable terms which, it is said, Government have obtained for it from an association of capitalists. The Association undertake to pay an annual sum equal to the highest revenue the Government have in any year realized from the monopoly. Over and above this, Government is to receive a proportion of the profits beyond that sum, in an ascending ratio, by terms of years, until its share shall amount to half the profits. There is every reason to believe that the bargain will be equally advantageous to both parties. The best cigars smoked in Italy are not of Italian make, and therefore must come into the country contraband. The energy of an association of capitalists will redress this state of things.

THE Mont Cénis Railway is slowly conquering the prejudices of those old-fashioned travellers who prefer the level line, and who would rather travel by diligence than face the imaginary perils of Mr. Fell's zig-zag over the mountain. Add to these prejudices the alarms raised by interested prophets on each side of the mountain, who predict some dreadful accident as inevitable, and it is as much as can be hoped at present if the number of passengers can just be said to increase. People who allow themselves amenable to reason know that the mountain railway is not only as safe as the level line, but very much safer. The *Savoy Journal*, speaking of the rapid descent of a train over an incline whose gradient is 1 in 12, says that, "thanks to the supplementary brakes, which supply an *ad libitum* pressure on the central rail, the pace may be slackened, and the train stopped almost instantaneously, even when going at full speed on the steepest inclines;" and it adds that "a horse is less docile to guidance than this mountain locomotive." That the line is a success is shown by the fact that people in Italy are already beginning to talk about forming new lines of the same description. One, amongst many others, seems likely, before long, to connect Italy with the centre of Switzerland.

KING WILLIAM closed the North German Parliament on Saturday in person, and made a speech which some of the French journals regard as pacific. He acknowledged the results of the Parliamentary session, and in particular dwelt upon the sanction of the loan for the development of the Federal navy, and for the completion of the coast defences under the control of Prussia. Count Bismarck has retired to his estate in Pomerania, where he will only be troubled with the most important affairs of State.

THE *Lancet* has issued a commission to inquire into the state of the barracks of the household cavalry. Already two papers have appeared on the subject. According to the facts disclosed by our contemporary, the troops are shamefully lodged. The lavatories, dormitories, &c., are all inefficient. "The treatment of the women and children," writes the *Lancet*, "is a disgrace to the Government. They are worse off than they would be in a workhouse or a prison." A valuable suggestion is offered, touching the employment of the troopers. One of the difficulties in getting anything done to the barracks arises from the amount of trouble and formality necessary to be undergone before the matter can be brought before the War Office. This might be remedied by permitting the commanding officers to employ the different blacksmiths, plumbers, and carpenters sure to be found in the regiment, when they could do the work. "It would be a relief to them to be thus employed, and they would in many instances do all that was required—cheaply and with promptitude."

THE members of the Cobden Club dined together on Wednesday evening, Mr. Villiers presiding. In the course of his speech Mr. Villiers quoted Cobden on the Irish Church. The following passage from Cobden is appropriate to the present situation:—"So long as the Church of England possesses the whole of the revenues of Ireland there cannot, and ought not to be, peace or prosperity for its people. What is of still more importance, there can be no chance of the dissemination of religious truth in that country." Mr. Goldwin Smith responded to the toast of the evening, and stated that he would shortly start for America.

THE meeting of citizens on the Irish Church question at the Guildhall on Monday, was like the meeting of waters in stormy

weather. More than once it seemed doubtful whether the whole affair would not resolve itself into a faction fight. None of the speakers were heard beyond the reporters' table; and if the meeting is to be regarded as an omen of what we are to expect at the coming election, we shall have rough work of it. There could be no better proof of the thorough determination of both parties to fight this question out to the bitter end. Not since the repeal of the Corn Laws has there been a question before the country in which the old division of parties has been so restored. So far this is good. We have suffered too long from political apathy; and though Lord Palmerston was something to boast of for his great age and good humour, and the ease with which he practically governed both parties, his was not a healthy reign. Political principle has once more come into fashion; and rough and ruffianly as was the scene at the Guildhall last Monday, it indicated a revival of earnestness which will not be without good result.

IN the House of Lords on Tuesday, Lord Lyttelton presented a petition against the Irish Church Establishment, signed by 261 clergymen of the Church, all of them, with the exception of Dr. Maziere Brady, resident in England. In presenting it he said that, having looked through the list of signatures, he was unable to say how many of those who had signed the petition belonged to the High Church, the Low Church, or the Broad Church. He was able to recognise some as belonging to the High Church, though he believed that the majority might be regarded as Broad. Amongst others who had appended their signatures to the petition were Professors Kingsley, Maurice, Plumptre, and Jowett; the Head Masters of Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, Haileybury, and the City of London Schools; while there were also the names of many Rural Deans, and Fellows and Tutors of Oxford and Cambridge. The presentation of the petition occasioned a good deal of angry remonstrance; and the Bishop of Oxford spoke from his heart of hearts when he said that, having examined 111 names out of the 261, he found that 87 were not incumbents at all. As if all clergymen's opinions were biassed by worldly considerations.

PUBLIC sympathy is sadly in want of education. Ex-Governor Eyre has been this week presented with an address from gentlemen described as connected with the commerce of the West Indies, and he took the opportunity of making a speech on himself, in which he accused his persecutors of "rancour and unscrupulousness." We should be glad to hear no more of him, either his martyrdom or his performances, and his friends are, to say the least of it, rather injudicious. They write his biography, spoil a petition in his behalf by claiming signatures for it which could not be accounted for, and they encourage him to make foolish speeches. Neither the Government nor the judges have indorsed Mr. Eyre's conduct during the Jamaica business, and the consolations he is accepting from wealthy tradesmen and from the howling undergraduates of universities ought not to compensate, as he seems to think, for the verdict of a very different order of people.

IN the official report on the wreck of the *Garonne*, we find that the "dingey, a boat 18 feet long and 2 feet 3 inches deep, capable of carrying in safety fifteen or twenty persons, was hoisted to davits on the port side of the poop, just abreast of the companion hatchway, and would have been available for the saving of many lives but for the want of oars, rowlocks, plugs, and rudder, which must have been taken out of her; and we are of opinion that it was most reprehensible to have had the only boat which could be lowered in case of emergency filled partly with green peas. No orders were given about this boat; but she was taken by the cook, the second engineer, and the fireman, who left the ship without oars, but, fortunately for them, two oars were thrown to them." Now, this remark indicates a very dangerous practice in the merchant navy with reference to the large boats. They are so seldom used that the fastenings are often wedged about them in such a manner that it would be next to impossible to stir them in an emergency. It also happens that when they are got out they are found unseaworthy, having been cracked with the sun, or their flooring injured by articles heavier than green peas being flung carelessly into them. A regular inspection of these boats and the removal of those found unseaworthy should be insisted on.

MR. W. HARPER, Grand Master of Orangemen and Orange-women, assisted by a brace of Chelsea pensioners, held a



meeting at the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday evening. The words "Boyne" and "Aughrim" were inscribed upon the panels, and rapid rounds of "Kentish fire" were played off by the company at short intervals. Several ladies appeared in orange sashes. The chairman specially addressed himself to the female portion of his audience, telling them he held in his hand "a plan of an Orange organization for women, which would be established for the purpose of promoting every anti-Papal, anti-Puseyite, and anti-infidel movement inaugurated in these countries." Mr. Harper is more decent than Mr. Murphy, but not much more sensible. If nothing comes of these assemblies but the tomfoolery natural to them, we need not be disturbed by the declarations of Mr. Harper, and by his efforts to propagate bigotry.

THE spoils of war brought from Abyssinia are, by her Majesty's wish, to be exhibited presently at the South Kensington Museum. They are, principally, the robe, crown, and slippers of King Theodore. These are the material results which the British nation acquires in return for the four millions it has already spent in the expedition, and we know not how many more millions it will have to subscribe to defray the cost of that undertaking. The moral value of these trophies has been already considered, and their æsthetic value we shall have an opportunity of estimating when we see them. The *Times* says that they "all afford beautiful specimens of filagree ornamentation in silver very much resembling that which is known to connoisseurs as Maltese work." A second crown is mentioned as "a very poor tawdry thing of crimson velvet, with a gilt ornament on the top, and a gilt thread frieze or spiked border round it;" and there is also a second robe, of curious fashion, which was probably the Queen's robe. There are, moreover, some seals, one of which was made many years ago by Messrs. Strongi' th' arm, of Waterloo-place and Pall-mall, with a jasper handle, having on it a monstrosity rude lion, and round it the legend, in Arabic characters, "Theodore, King of Abyssinia and Ethiopia: the King of Kings, Theodore."

MADAME RACHEL has been committed for trial after attempting to get a further postponement from the magistrate by shamming sickness. She produced a certificate of illness from Sir William Fergusson, but it appears that Mr. Knox consulted the people who saw Madame in the waiting-room of the court on the subject of her indisposition, and the result was that, despite the medical certificate, the magistrate was not made a fool of.

LOPEZ, the Dictator of Paraguay, has raised a regiment of amazons, under the command of the lady who shares his fortunes. Hitherto the women of the province have been aiding in the war as messengers, diggers of trenches, and stevedores; but until recently, however, the notion of employing them in a brigade seems not to have been hit upon. We trust that the measure will not form a precedent even in South America, and that it will eventuate in some interference on the part of the greater Powers, as suggested by the *Times* of Thursday.

THE Rev. C. J. Le Geyt, of St. Matthias's Church, Stoke Newington, published an announcement on the "Feast of Dedication" that not only should the visitors abstain from food before Communion, but also from the mental dissipation which might be found in the newspapers:—

"The incumbent begs to express the hope that strangers who have breakfasted and done the *Standard* or *Times* will abstain from communicating at the late celebration of the festival."

It would appear from this that the regular congregation have been trained to avoid leading articles before approaching the rails.

At a meeting of the Thames Angling Preservation Society it was stated that the swans destroyed thousands of spawn. We have no doubt that the swans have a hard time of it enough to "provide for their bills"—as Hook said of the snipe—and are not particular as to interfering with the sport of punt fishers. It would be desirable, however, to prevail upon them to pass over the small trout, and stick to the young of coarse fish. When the trout grow up they are able to take care of themselves, but as infants they are devoured wholesale both by fish and fowl.

FROM the "Echoes of the Continent" in the *Standard* we learn that the little dandies are now wearing plaits on the forehead "in a myriad of locks, which the French name *accroche-cœurs*." From another source we learn that they powder, paint, and pad, wear stays, and, instead of the ordinary night-dress, put on a costume when going to bed somewhat like that of a continental bathing-suit.

CONSOLS are quoted 94½ to 94½ ex dividend for cash, and 94½ for the account. There have been some slight improvements in railway stocks, but towards the close of the week a decline set in, partly owing to the announcement of the withdrawal of the Union Bill of the South-Eastern, Brighton, and Chatham companies. The other lines were sympathetically affected. Colonial Government securities remain firm. Foreign securities have receded, with the exception of Italian, which show an advance. Many sales have been effected in Bank shares at reduced prices. Financial shares are without change. The same generally applies to miscellaneous descriptions, though one or two instances exhibit an advance. With regard to American securities, the only noticeable feature is the continued demand for Illinois Central shares, which are marked 101 to ½. The numbers are published of the debentures of the Municipal Corporation of Port Louis, Mauritius, of the issue of 1860 and 1861, which have been drawn for payment on the 2nd October. Holders in Europe wishing to be paid in London or Paris are invited to give notice to the town-clerk of St. Louis. Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have announced the dividends due the 1st of July on the Russian Four and a Half per Cent. Loan of 1850; also on Canada Sterling Debentures, Nova Scotia Six per Cent. Sterling Bonds, New Brunswick Six per Cent. Sterling Bonds, Maryland State Sterling Five per Cent. Bonds, Boston City Sterling Four and a Half per Cent. Bonds, Eastern Railroad of Massachusetts Six per Cent. Bonds, and Argentine Six per Cent. Bonds. The London agency of the Imperial Ottoman Bank have announced that the balance of the dividend for 1867 (12s. per share) will be paid on and after the 1st of July next; also that the half-yearly dividend of the Ottoman Loan of 1863, and of the Ottoman Six per Cent. Loan of 1865, due the 1st proximo, will be paid at their office on and after that date. The next tenders for bills on Madras and Calcutta, to be made at the Bank of England on the 1st of July, will be for 20,00,000 rupees.

THE annual report of the South Australian Company shows an available total of £33,139, and recommends a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum, or 40s. per share, payable on the 15th of July and 15th of January next, which will absorb £28,400. The sum of £10,000 has been transferred to a suspense account to provide in some measure for the loss to the company's revenue likely to be sustained through the disastrous character of the last harvest in South Australia. The report of John Brown & Co. (Limited), to be presented on the 29th inst., shows an available total of £37,315, and recommends a dividend of £4 per share on the ordinary shares, which will absorb £32,000 and leave £5,315 to be carried forward. Notwithstanding the depressed state of the iron trade and the absence of demand for armour plates, a larger business was transacted by the company during the year ended March, 1868, than in any other year since the works were established. At the fiftieth annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, held on the 1st inst., a dividend was declared at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, leaving £17,937 to be carried forward. During the past year £62,500 has been added to the Rest, which now stands at £375,000. The paid-up capital is £1,500,000, and the deposits held are £3,010,883. The governor and committee of the Hudson's Bay Company recommend the payment of a dividend at the rate of 4s. per share on the 13th of July next, in addition to the 8s. paid in January last. The transfer books of the company were closed on the 25th inst., to be reopened on the 13th proximo.

## FINE ARTS.

### MUSIC.

THE third day of the Handel Festival yesterday (Friday) week concluded and crowned the most successful of all the celebrations that have taken place at the Crystal Palace since the first experimental meeting of 1857. No grander climax could be found than that which has always been judiciously selected for the closing day of the Festival, "Israel in Egypt"—that colossal work in which Handel's inventive genius,



transcendent skill, and sublime devotion are manifested through those choral effects in which his powers are best displayed, and which are more largely and continuously used in this than in any other of his oratorios. The unbroken succession of groups of choruses, and the fewness of the solo pieces, which are only occasionally interspersed, and chiefly in the second part of the oratorio, readily accounts for the non-success of the work on its first production before audiences little disposed to dispense with the attraction of solo-singing. In Handel's time, and long after, "Israel in Egypt" could only be made to draw attendances by being "shortened and intermixed with songs," as announced in advertisements of the day. The performance of "Israel" on Friday week was the finest that has yet been heard at the Crystal Palace—a result largely owing to the acoustic improvements effected by the more complete inclosure of the great transept by screens erected specially for this festival, and partly, no doubt, to the increased efficiency of the choristers. Some of the grand choral effects in this work were realized on this occasion with a sublimity that can only be derived from such exceptional accumulation of gigantic numbers. The choruses in the first part, illustrative of the plagues inflicted on the Egyptians—especially "He spake the word," the "Hailstone chorus" (encored), "He sent a thick darkness" (with the wondrous use of choral recitative), and that Titanic piece in three movements, "He rebuked the Red Sea," describing the miraculous passage through the deep, and the overwhelming of the opposing host by the closing in of the mighty waters—all these were given with a fulness of power and grandeur of effect that will be long remembered by those who were present. In the second part, too, illustrating the exodus, the choruses "Thy right hand," "The Lord shall reign," and the sublime triumphant climax, "Sing ye to the Lord," were given with the same admirable power and precision; the declamatory phrase leading to the last chorus having been splendidly declaimed by Mdlle. Titiens, to whom, and to Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli, were allotted the solos in the oratorio. Both in the numbers attending, and in the grander musical effect, this is the most successful of the five Handel Festivals that have been held in the Crystal Palace. It is impossible to over-estimate the excellence of the details and arrangements by which such vast numbers of executants and auditors were brought together without the slightest confusion or inconvenience—a result obtained by the co-operation of the Crystal Palace organization with that of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the experienced and energetic administration of Mr. Bowley, general manager of the former and managing treasurer of the latter.

The seventh concert of the Philharmonic Society, on Monday last, introduced a new violinist with a new concerto of his own—the merit of the player being far greater than that of the composition. M. Besekirsky has a large and powerful, although not very liquid tone, a vigorous and sure bow arm, and great command over the use of double-stops by which to produce chords in three, and sometimes in four parts. The concerto commences in a pretentious style that is not afterwards justified by any beauty or originality of thought or power of construction, the sole purpose which it answers being the exhibition of a series of mechanical difficulties by the player; and this end might have been sufficiently met in a fantasia of one-third the length. If it be permissible (and we by no means say that it is not) to admit occasional displays of rare executive power in inferior music, the directors of such concerts as those of the Philharmonic Society should limit such display to a piece of moderate length, and not permit a usurpation of attention to an extent that is only justifiable in the work of a great master. M. Besekirsky was received with great and general applause, a result due rather to his playing than to his composition. A strong contrast was offered by the fourth concerto (in F minor) of Professor Bennett, which followed somewhat too close on the violin concerto, being only separated from it by one short vocal piece. The pianoforte concerto referred to is one of many works with which our excellent countryman has enriched the *répertoire* of classical chamber music. In addition to being a vehicle for the public display of executive excellence, it has also a permanent value as a musical composition. The bold, clearly-defined, and powerfully written opening *tutti*, with the coherence of the whole first movement, preserved even amid the discursive passages for the solo player; the grace and melodious beauty of the "Barcarolle;" and the vigour and impulse of the concluding "Presto," render the concerto worthy of comparison with many of those of the great masters of the past. It was played to perfection by Madame Arabella Goddard—power, delicacy and finish of execution, decision, clearness, and

emphasis having been admirable characteristics of the performance throughout. The orchestral pieces were Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (that marvellous product of genius at the age of seventeen), Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," and Spohr's overture to "Jessonda." The vocal pieces (which call for no particular remark) were sung by Mesdames Sinico and Demeric-Lablache.

The New Philharmonic Concerts terminated on Wednesday week with the fifth performance—a new pianoforte concerto, composed and performed by Mr. J. F. Barnett, being the specialty of the occasion. Of this we must take some future opportunity to speak, the concert having followed immediately, at a considerable interval of distance, on the conclusion of the day's Handel Festival.

Mr. Benedict's annual concert, which took place on Saturday morning, was the thirty-third which he has given during his long residence here. Although Mr. Benedict's name alone would suffice to attract an audience, he does not, like some concert-givers with far inferior claims, rely on that power alone: his concert is always rendered one of the features of the London musical season by the engagement of nearly all the greatest singers available. Thus, on Saturday, among other celebrated artists, Mdles. Titiens, Adelina Patti, Nilsson, Kellogg, Signor Mario, and Mr. Santley contributed to the vocal performances, the chief specialties of which, in point of novelty, were Mdlle. Nilsson's admirable delivery of the scene of Ophelia's madness, from the fourth act of M. Ambroise Thomas's new opera, "Hamlet" (already noticed in the LONDON REVIEW, of May 30), and the "Chanson des Djins," from Auber's new opera, "Le Premier Jour du Bonheur." There were also various instrumental performances, including Mr. Benedict's playing of his own graceful solo piece founded on the air "Where the bee sucks."

Mr. Kuhe's concert, on Monday last, was also rendered especially attractive by the engagement of some of the greatest opera and concert singers, including Mdles. Titiens and Nilsson, the latter of whom again gave the great scene from "Hamlet," and with M. Lefort the duet "Pardonne" from the same opera. Mr. Kuhe displayed his powers as a pianist in several brilliant pieces, mostly of his own composition.

After a long silence, a second of the concerts ancient and modern was recently announced, and took place on Wednesday night, serving to strengthen our impression, derived from the first, that there is no public want for this new institution, and that it must develop higher merits in preparation and performance to justify its continuance. Two features of great interest were announced for this second concert—a portion of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" ("Weihnachts Oratorium"), and a posthumous concertante for clarinet and corno di bassetto by Mendelssohn, hitherto unheard here. Bach's oratorio, composed in 1734 for performance at the Church festival referred to in its title, contains some grand and sublime choral writing, if not more learned than that of Handel (that could scarcely be), generally more complex and elaborate in its aggregation of detail. The difficulties offered by such music are doubtless great, but this will scarcely excuse the coarseness of the performance referred to, these concerts having been announced with a self-assertion, and an array of distinguished names of patrons and patronesses, justifying the assumption that they were to realize a perfection unapproached by any other institution. As yet this has not been so, both concerts having been eminently unsatisfactory, and leaving no escape from the impression that the conductor, Herr Schachner, whatever may be his qualities as a musician, requires further experience and practice for the efficient direction of such performances. Under his wavering bâton the orchestra and chorus were in an almost constant state of indecision and uncertainty, amounting in several instances to something like confusion, and in one case during the evening to a positive stoppage and recommencement. The few movements announced from Bach's oratorio were rendered still fewer by a sudden discontinuance, without any reason given. The solos in the selection from this work were assigned to Miss Palmer, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. The posthumous piece of Mendelssohn, written for the celebrated player Bärmann, consists of three short movements, of which the second, containing some graceful and melodious writing for the two solo instruments, and the brilliant and vivacious finale, are the best. As one of the remains of the great composer it is interesting, although not comparable in value to the several posthumous works recently published. It was capitally played by Mr. Lazarus and Mr. Maycock. Some pieces of Handel's fire and water music, and several miscellaneous vocal pieces by Miss Banks and the singers already named, made up the remainder of the programme.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## MR. KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN HISTORY.\*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

As we stated last week, by far the greater part of Mr. Kinglake's fourth volume is occupied by a most elaborate and particular account of the Battle of Balaklava; but, previous to relating the events of that memorable combat, the historian sketches, in four comparatively brief chapters, the course of affairs from the 18th of October, 1854, to the 25th (the day of the great contest alluded to), the effect in England of the news of the Battle of the Alma, and the feelings and bearing of the Czar on hearing of the discomfiture of his army in the open field. His description of the excitement felt all over the three kingdoms at the intelligence of our triumph, and at the subsequent false report of the fall of Sebastopol, vividly recalls the emotions of a time which—so rapid is the progress of events in our epoch—already begins to look remote. Not the least amusing part of this division of the book is that in which our author launches forth into some remarks on the course pursued by the *Times* in the direction of the national sentiment. These observations are characterized by a strange union of admiration and irony—of admiration that seems constantly bordering on a sneer, and of irony that has an unmistakable touch of genuine regard. "The *Times* Company," as Mr. Kinglake is fond of calling this great power, was unquestionably one of the chief means by which the war-fever of the English people was kept up, the energy of the Government stimulated, the maladministration of the army exposed, and the voice of waverers overborne and silenced. "The writings of the Company (like the prices of the public funds) were governed at the time of the war," says Mr. Kinglake, "by a principle strictly commercial. There is the more reason for making this plain because afterwards the administration of the Company underwent a great change; and those who are so young as to have acceded to acquaintance with politics within the last ten years can form no conception, from what they now daily see, of that puissant *Times* Company which flourished—nay, reigned—in the world at the epoch of the invasion." We are then told that in later years the directory of the journal has grown weary of the English people, has dallied with princes and rulers, has acknowledged the attractiveness of mere human society, and has endeavoured to adapt the public spirit of the nation to the feeling of "the West End." We would observe in passing that it is no new thing for the *Times* to "dally with princes and rulers," and that the influence of the West End and of "gilded saloons" was apparent in its columns before the days of the Crimean war, as it has been since. But it is perfectly true that at the actual period of the struggle the *Times* faithfully, earnestly, and with consummate ability, represented the opinions and desires of the vast majority of the English nation. Its reputation was greatly enhanced by the good luck or acumen—whichever it may have been—by which it forecast the exact spot where the first battle of the campaign would be fought, and even the very day whereon it would occur. And, strange to say, this happy prophecy with regard to the Alma was not discredited by the subsequent error as respects the reputed fall of Sebastopol. The error did not originate with the *Times*; but the eagerness with which the intelligence was adopted by the leading journal, and the utter collapse of the supposed fact a few days later, would have damaged the reputation of a paper less strong than the chief of London "dailies." It is amusing now to read the extracts from the vaunting leaders of October, 1854, with which Mr. Kinglake adorns his pages. The *Times* of that day made as much cackle over the fall of Sebastopol, which had not fallen, as if we had never taken a fortress before; and when the blunder was discovered, too many persons had participated in the belief to leave the journal in any position of isolated credulity.

Mr. Kinglake has exhibited extraordinary powers as an historian in his account of the Battle of Balaklava. The minuteness with which he traces all the movements of that terrible action,—the care and industry with which he weighs the several and sometimes conflicting accounts,—the mastery of detail and knowledge of military tactics which he displays, and the general vividness of the narrative, which often seems to glow with the light and echo with the roar of mortal combat,—combine to form one of the most remarkable pictures of a great battle which our literature can boast. Sometimes composed in the

spirit of military criticism—calm, cool, and observant—and at others in that of some modern prose Homer, who feels the inspiration of the fight, and kindles with the personal heroism of individual actors, it shows throughout the hand of a master in this species of writing. Its length is no doubt against it, for there are few persons who can afford the time for reading so voluminous an account of one day's work; but it will last among military histories as an admirable specimen of mingled narrative and criticism. The charge of Scarlett's "three hundred," composed of Scots Greys and Inniskillings, and the extraordinary havoc they created among the Russian cavalry, are splendidly described, the reader feeling as if he were carried forward by the rush of the horsemen and the fury of the overwhelming attack. No less striking is the account of the still more famous, because more disastrous, charge of the Light Brigade; but here the critical tendency predominates over the mere feeling of enthusiasm, owing to the disputed passages in that memorable feat of arms, the obscurity in which so much of the affair is involved, and the doubt which still exists as to the person or persons chiefly blamable for what can only be described as a frightful and disastrous blunder. Here, as in all other respects, Mr. Kinglake seems to consider that Lord Raglan's directions were perfect. On the defeat of the Russian cavalry by Scarlett's brigade, the English Commander perceived that a very advantageous attack might be made on the retreating Russians, and that, by means of his cavalry, supported by a certain proportion of infantry and horse-artillery, the Causeway Heights might be recaptured, and the English guns which had been taken from the Turks by the enemy earlier in the day be once more placed in our possession. He therefore sent to Lord Lucan, who was in command of the Cavalry Division, an order which ran—"Cavalry to advance, and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights. They will be supported by the infantry which have been ordered to advance on two fronts." Lord Lucan did not act on this order, but waited for more than half an hour for the infantry, which did not arrive. Vexed by the non-fulfilment of his directions, Lord Raglan after a time sent another order to his cavalry commander. This was in the handwriting of General Airey, and stated—"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse-artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate.—(Signed) R. AIREY." The question with regard to Lord Lucan is as to whether these two orders, taken either singly or together, pointed out with sufficient clearness the direction in which the attack was to be made. Mr. Kinglake contends that the precise locality was evident from the allusion to "the guns," which Lord Lucan must have known meant the English guns abandoned by the Turks, and now held by the Russians on the Causeway Heights. To us it does not appear that the meaning was so entirely beyond misconstruction. We have no doubt that the Causeway Heights were the point contemplated by the Commander-in-Chief; but it is greatly to be regretted that he did not specifically say so in both orders. The latter order does not allude to any heights, and "the guns" might have meant the enemy's own guns. It is true that Lord Lucan himself, in his despatch to Lord Raglan, written two days after the event, spoke of being instructed "to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns lost by the Turkish troops in the morning;" but this may have been prompted by his after knowledge, and is not, we conceive, conclusive as to his right interpretation of an ambiguous order at the time of receiving it. However it may be, on receiving the mandate from Captain Nolan (who was killed very shortly afterwards), Lord Lucan gave vent to expressions of astonishment at what seemed to him a hopeless and almost insane expedition. Some high words ensued between him and the captain, and at length the latter exclaimed, in a way which Lord Lucan afterwards described as highly disrespectful, "There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns." These words he accompanied by a gesture, with his head and his hand, which, according to Lord Lucan, pointed out as the place for attack, not the Causeway Heights, but the long, narrow valley between those heights and the opposite line of the Fedionkine hills. Certainly there were guns enough there to be taken, had it been possible, for the defeated Russian cavalry were posted at the farther end of the valley behind a Cossack battery, and Lord Lucan seems to have thought that those were the guns he was to endeavour to prevent the enemy carrying away. Accordingly he directed Lord Cardigan, who had charge of the Light Brigade, to execute the manœuvre in question. The reply of Lord Cardigan is stated to have been, "Certainly, sir; but allow me to point out to you that the Russians have a battery in the valley in our front,

\* The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. III. and IV. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.



and batteries and riflemen on each flank"—i.e., on the two lines of hills bordering the valley. Lord Lucan replied that such were Lord Raglan's positive orders, and that there was no choice but to obey. He seems to have thought that Lord Cardigan would use his discretion, and halt his squadron as soon as he found that no useful object was to be gained by so perilous a venture. But Lord Cardigan was a man with whom it was the first principle of military duty to execute every order to the letter, without allowing himself the smallest latitude of interpretation; and certainly, after being told that Lord Raglan had given "positive orders" that the battery was to be charged, he had no alternative but to perform the tremendous feat as far as it was possible for human powers to go. He therefore gave the word to advance, putting himself at the head of the troop; but he had not gone many paces before he saw Captain Nolan riding diagonally across his front from left to right, turning in his saddle, shouting, and waving his sword, as though he would address the brigade. At this apparently audacious interference with a superior officer in command of his troops, Lord Cardigan was highly incensed; but, judging from the direction in which Nolan was riding and pointing—viz., towards the Causeway Heights—it seems pretty certain that his object was to indicate to the cavalry what he must have known from Lord Raglan was the point selected for attack. He appears to have observed that Cardigan and his men were moving straight on towards the fatal North Valley, and to have endeavoured to prevent the terrible mistake. But in another moment he was struck in the breast by a fragment of shell, and, with a piercing shriek, which one who heard it has described as "unearthly," he expired as the Light Brigade swept into the valley of fire and death. We must here borrow a passage from Mr. Kinglake's vivid narrative:—

"Soon the fated advance of the Light Brigade had proceeded so far as to begin to disclose its strange purpose—the purpose of making straight for the far distant battery which crossed the foot of the valley, by passing for a mile between two Russian forces, and this at such ugly distance from each as to allow of our squadrons going down under a doubly flanking fire of round-shot, grape, and rifle-balls, without the opportunity of yet doing any manner of harm to their assailants. Then, from the slopes of the Causeway Heights on the one side, and the Fedioukine Hills on the other, the Russian artillery brought its power to bear right and left, with an efficiency every moment increasing; and large numbers of riflemen on the slopes of the Causeway Heights, who had been placed where they were in order to cover the retreat of the Russian battalions, found means to take their part in the work of destroying our horsemen. Whilst Lord Cardigan and his squadrons rode thus under heavy cross-fire, the visible object they had straight before them was the white bank of smoke, from time to time pierced by issues of flame, which marks the site of a battery in action; for in truth the very goal that had been chosen for our devoted squadrons—a goal rarely before assigned to cavalry—was the front of a battery—the front of that twelve-gun battery, with the main body of the Russian cavalry in rear of it, which crossed the lower end of the valley; and so faithful, so resolute, was Lord Cardigan in executing this part of what he understood to be his appointed task, that he chose out one of the guns which he judged to be about the centre of the battery, rode straight at its fire, and made this, from first to last, his sole guiding star. . . .

"Pressing always deeper and deeper into this pen of fire, the devoted brigade, with Lord Cardigan still at its head, continued to move down the valley. The fire the brigade was incurring had not yet come to be of that crushing sort which mows down half a troop in one instant, and for some time a steady pace was maintained. As often as a horse was killed, or disabled, or deprived of the rider, his fall, or his plunge, or his ungoverned pressure had commonly the effect of enforcing upon the neighbouring chargers more or less of lateral movement, and in this way there was occasioned a slight distension of the rank in which the casualty had occurred; but in the next instant, when the troopers had ridden clear of the disturbing cause, they closed up, and rode on in a line as even as before, though reduced by the loss just sustained. The movement occasioned by each casualty was so constantly recurring, and so constantly followed by the same process,—the process of re-closing the ranks,—that to distant observers the alternate distension and contraction of the line seemed to have the precision and sameness which belong to mechanic contrivance. Of these distant observers there was one—and that, too, a soldier—who so felt to the heart the true import of what he saw that, in a paroxysm of admiration and grief, he burst into tears. In well-maintained order, but growing less every instant, our squadrons still moved down the valley.

"Their pace for some time was firmly governed. When horsemen, too valorous to be thinking of flight, are brought into straits of this kind, their tendency is to be galloping swiftly forward, each man at the greatest pace he can exact from his own charger, thus destroying, of course, the formation of the line; but Lord Cardigan's love of strict, uniform order was a propensity having all the force of a passion; and as long as it seemed possible to exert authority, by voice or by gesture, the leader of this singular onset was firm in repressing the fault.

"Thus when Captain White, of the 17th Lancers (who commanded the squadron of direction), became 'anxious,' as he frankly expressed it, 'to get out of such a murderous fire, and into the guns, as being the best of the two evils,' and endeavouring, with that view, to 'force the pace,' pressed forward so much as to be almost alongside of the chief's bridle-arm, Lord Cardigan checked this impatience by laying his sword across the captain's breast, telling him at the same time

not to try to force the pace, and not to be riding before the leader of the brigade. Otherwise than for this, Lord Cardigan, from the first to the last of the onset, did not speak nor make sign. Riding straight and erect, he never once turned in his saddle with the object of getting a glance at the state of the squadrons which followed him; and to this rigid abstinence—giving proof, as such abstinence did, of an unbending resolve—it was apparently owing that the brigade never fell into doubt concerning its true path of duty, never wavered (as the best squadrons will if the leader, for even an instant, appears to be uncertain of purpose), and was guiltless of even inclining to any default except that of failing to keep down the pace."

As the battery was more nearly approached, the men rushed forward with ever-increasing speed, despite the efforts of their officers to check them; but Lord Cardigan seems to have kept at their head throughout, speculating on the probability of his own death from a cannon-shot dividing his body, yet still mentally raging against Captain Nolan for his supposed insolence, his lordship not being then aware that the unfortunate officer was already dead. Of Lord Cardigan's conduct in this tremendous affair Mr. Kinglake gives what we must regard as a just and true account. There can be no doubt that Cardigan headed the charge with dauntless valour; it is equally clear, we think, that he got within the Russian guns, and so far his conduct was worthy of the highest praise. But, finding himself almost alone in face of the enemy, and not being able (as he alleged) to find the scattered remnants of his troop, he was too precipitate in returning without ascertaining what had become of his men, and endeavouring to rally them, if for nothing better than retreat. It is stated that his return was so much in the nature of a flight that, when met by his supports coming up to the assistance of their comrades, who were still contending with the Russian gunners, he did not see or disregard them; but this seems to be doubtful, and to be explainable by a case of mistaken identity. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with the summing-up of Mr. Kinglake:—

"Supposing Lord Cardigan to be accurate when he says that he could neither see any still-combating remnants of his first line, nor any portion of his supports, there are two monosyllables—more apt than the language of scholars—by which hunting-men will be able to describe his predicament, and to sum up a good deal of truth in a spirit of fairness. For eight or ten minutes, Lord Cardigan had led the whole field, going always straight as an arrow: he then was 'thrown out.' Perhaps if he had followed the instincts of the sport from which the phrase has been taken, he would have been all eye, all ear, for a minute, and in the next would have found his brigade. But with him, the sounder lessons of Northamptonshire had been overlaid by a too lengthened experience of the soldiering that is practised in peace-time. In riding back after the troops which he saw in retreat up the valley, he did as he would have done at home after any mock charge in Hyde Park.

"It will always be remembered that he who retired from the now silenced battery was the man who, the foremost of all a few moments before had charged in through its then blazing front, and that that very isolation which became the immediate cause of his misfortune, was the isolation, after all, of a leader who had first become parted from his troops by shooting on too far ahead of them.

"Lord Cardigan was not amongst the last of the horsemen who came out of the fight; and his movement in retreat was so ordered as to prevent him from sharing with his people in the combats which will next be recorded. It must therefore be acknowledged that his exit from the scene in which he had been playing so great a part was at least infelicitous, and devoid of that warlike grace which would have belonged to it if he had come out of action only a little while later with the remnant of his shattered brigade; but despite the mischance, or the want of swift competence in emergency, which marred his last act, he yet gave, on the whole, an example of that kind of devotion which is hardly less than absolute. He construed his orders so proudly, and obeyed them with a persistency at once so brave and so fatal, that—even under the light evolved from a keen, searching controversy—his leadership of this singular charge still keeps its heroic proportions."

After all, the chief blame, as Mr. Kinglake observes, lies with the system by which officers who have had no previous experience in war are appointed to important commands against an enemy of wide experience and large practical knowledge.

We must here close Mr. Kinglake's interesting volumes, which, whatever their defects, must always be referred to by the curious in the history of the Crimean war.

#### THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.\*

SINCE the days when Anthony à Wood wrote on the Bodleian Library, there has been a lack of works chronicling with minuteness the progress of that great collection. Mr. Macray has therefore devoted his leisure to compiling such a work, and in

\* *Annals of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, A.D. 1598—A.D. 1867; with a Preliminary Notice of the Earlier Library founded in the Fourteenth Century.* By the Rev. William Dunn Macray, M.A., Chaplain of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Mary Winton Colleges; Editor of "Chronicon Abbatie Eveshamensis," &c. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.



doing so has had recourse to sources of information available only to persons familiar with the contents of the Library, at the same time augmenting those public stores by an examination of several private accounts and papers, for access to which he was indebted to the Librarian. The volume thus produced abounds in interesting and curious matter, and will be very useful to future students; but it does not profess to be perfect, and the author admits that to do justice to such a subject would require many volumes, and would demand in the writer the combined knowledge of several scholars. In the meanwhile, the present work makes a very fair beginning, and even readers who never visit Oxford, and know nothing of the Library beyond its great and deserved fame, may find not a little in Mr. Macray's pages to attract them, provided they have a regard for books, and a reverence for the sources of knowledge. The author does rightly in going back to the earlier Library which preceded that founded in the sixteenth century by Sir Thomas Bodley. It is not generally known that such a Library existed; yet it flourished for nearly two centuries, and during that time must have reared many studious men in the ways of scholarship. In the year 1320, Bishop Thomas Cobham, of Worcester, made preparations for building a room for books, and for the collection of the volumes which were to furnish it. The Bishop died seven years later, and it would appear that he did not make much progress with his design. In 1345, however, one of the founders of Durham College—Philip of Bury—bequeathed to that institution a collection of books, gathered from all quarters, and rather considerable in number. Bishop Bury was the author of the famous "Philobiblion," and a thorough devotee to learning. The first actual University Library at Oxford was commenced about 1367, but not completed till 1409. The Librarian of this collection, which was called after Bishop Cobham, had also the title of chaplain to the University, and, in that capacity, was ordered, in 1412, to offer masses yearly for those who were benefactors of the University and Library—a singular homage from religion to learning. From the time of Bodley's re-foundation, however, laymen have been eligible to the post. In 1426, the University began to erect the present Divinity School, and, soon lacking funds, they sought the assistance of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, who sent them, not only money in liberal amount, but still more valuable gifts of books. This princely nobleman is said to have transmitted to Oxford in the course of seven years about six hundred manuscripts (it should be recollected that this was just before the invention of printing, and therefore at a time when all books were both produced and multiplied by the pen); and these works were temporarily deposited in chests in Cobham's Library. Even in the year 1439, when the Duke had only commenced these literary donations, their value was stated (in a letter from Convocation to the House of Commons, praying some recognition of his Grace's liberality) at "a thousand pounds and more"—an immense sum in those days. The books were varied in their character, comprising works in divinity, in medicine, and in science, together with some of a lighter character, including seven manuscripts of Petrarca, and three of Boccaccio. The collection thus formed was enlarged in 1487 by Bishop Thomas Kempe, of London. Not long after this, the Library, according to Anthony à Wood, began to lose some of its treasures, owing to the dishonest custom of some scholars, who would borrow books upon petty and insufficient pledges, and then forfeit the money rather than give up the volumes. It is reported that Polydore Vergil, the historian, being at length refused any further permission to carry away books (which seems to imply that he was a notorious offender), obtained a special license from Henry VIII. for the taking out of any manuscript for his own use. The Library, however, was destined to a much greater misfortune than individual pilferings; for, in 1550, the Commissioners appointed by Edward VI. for reforming the University made wholesale havoc in Duke Humphrey's collection, by destroying, without examination, all manuscripts ornamented by illuminations or rubricated initials, as being Popish. The other volumes seem to have got adrift, owing to carelessness on the part of their custodians; and so the Library which had been accumulating through some generations was scattered abroad or destroyed. On this subject Mr. Macray writes:—

"The traditions which Wood has recorded as having been learned at the mouths of aged men who had in their turn received them from those who were contemporaneous with the Visitation, are abundantly confirmed by the well-known descriptions of Leland and Bale of what went on in other places, and therefore, although no direct documentary evidence of the proceedings of the spoilers is known to exist, we may believe that Wood's account of pillage and waste, of MSS. burned, and sold to tailors for their measures, to bookbinders for covers, and the like, until not one remained *in situ*, is not a whit exaggerated. One solitary entry there is, however, in the University Register (l. fol.

157\*), which, while it records the completion of the catastrophe, sufficiently thereby corroborates the story of all that preceded, viz., the entry which tells that in Convocation on Jan. 25, 1555-6, 'electi sunt hii venerabiles viri, Vice-cancellarius et Procuratores, Magister Morwent, præses Corporis Christi, et Magister Wright, ad vendenda subsellia librorum in publica Academiæ bibliotheca, ipsius Universitatis nomine.' The books of the 'public' library had all disappeared; what need then to retain the shelves and stalls, when no one thought of replacing their contents, and when the University could turn an honest penny by their sale? and so the venerabiles viri made a timber-yard of Duke Humphrey's treasure-house."

The mischief thus done was repaired, about the close of the sixteenth century, by the foundation of the celebrated Library called, after its originator, the Bodleian. The greater part of Mr. Macray's book is taken up by an account of the several gifts which have been made from year to year, since 1601, to this grand collection; to which is added an Appendix containing various particulars interesting to frequenters of the Library. Among the latest acquisitions is a copy of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," printed in Latin by Aldus, at Venice, in 1502, on the title-page of which appears the signature "W<sup>m</sup>. Shr.," and on the opposite leaf a statement, signed "T. N. 1682," certifying that the book "was once Will Shakspeare's." A facsimile of both writings is given by Mr. Macray, and they certainly have a look of genuineness; but at the sale at which the book was purchased for the Library an opinion prevailed that the thing was a forgery, so that the volume was knocked down for only £9. This was in 1865, and the supposed signature of Shakspeare has since been alluded to in the *Cornhill Magazine* as in all probability genuine.

#### MAN'S ORIGIN AND DESTINY.\*

It is surely something to say of a book that its subject is the noblest which can engage our attention; and when we further say that its author is a man of erudition, of wide information, and of clear expression,—a man who has travelled much and studied much before venturing to publish the result of his researches,—we have established his claim to a patient and respectful hearing. Unfortunately, the material of this book was originally compiled in the form of lectures; and there still linger about it traces of the lecturer's *ad captandum* style. Passages occur which seem as if they had been cut out of *Daily Telegraph* leading articles. Errors of impulse and the trick of hasty allusion abound. Why, for instance, should he speak of the glacial period as the "Robin Hood and Robinson Crusoe days of mankind"—a description as incorrect as it is absurd. Elsewhere he says, suddenly, "I should rather be Charles Reade, and have written 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' than have been Gibbon, and have written 'The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.'" Any man may possess such a preference; but, if he wishes to impress people with a notion of his sanity, he ought not to utter it in words; and least of all should he obtrude it into a discussion of the origin and destiny of man. "The greatest of fools, Boswell, wrote the most delightful of biographies," he remarks. Either Mr. Lesley has never seen any of Boswell's writings, nor read, otherwise than with a vague prejudice, the shrewd, clever, and oftentimes original reflections which Boswell has scattered up and down his "Life of Johnson," or else he sacrificed his honest impressions of Boswell as a man and a writer in order to form an antithetical sentence. If this book were an insignificant essay, and its author a nincompoop, we should not think it worth while to point out the blunder of indulging, in a scientific treatise, in such hasty and ill-considered assertions. In a work of this kind we do not look for rhetorical lights and shadows—we expect rather the gravity and caution of a scientific observer; and Mr. Lesley has so much to say that we are desirous he should say it well.

To trace the history of humanity through the most recent results arrived at by the various sciences has been Mr. Lesley's aim; and he has at least succeeded in producing a sketch which, if sometimes vague, is highly creditable to him. Only a man of very extensive learning and information could have attempted such a work with any chance of success; and the mere fact that the present volume is very readable and interesting shows that its author's powers of compilation, comparison, and arrangement are very considerable. We confess to liking Mr. Lesley least where he is most philological. Philology is, perhaps, the most fascinating of all the sciences; but its results, when applied to the questions discussed in this work, have hitherto only rendered confusion worse confounded. The

\* *Man's Origin and Destiny*, sketched from the Platform of the Sciences. By J. P. Lesley, Secretary of the American Philosophical Society. London: Trübner & Co.



authorities differ so much, and the material is so plastic, that a tyro can elaborate the most impossible theories out of the similarities of language. Of the Arkite symbolism of Mr. Lesley we shall speak hereafter; it is only fair to him to say that he has almost wholly confined his philological speculations to one chapter, thereby leaving the important subject of this volume to be investigated by those sciences on the result of which we can place reliance. His first two chapters are devoted to a classification of the sciences and an essay on the genius of the physical sciences, ancient and modern. Then he plunges boldly into his scheme of reconstructing the past by an inquiry into the geological antiquity of man. Here, whatever opinion the reader may have about the Mosaic record of creation, he cannot but admire the author's frankness in explaining his position. There is no cowardice more reprehensible than that which suffers falsehood to be perpetuated through a fear of giving offence; and on whichever side truth lies, there can be nothing but harm done by such culpable reticence. "Let us start fair this evening," says Mr. Lesley (addressing a Boston audience, be it remarked), "with the discussion of the first of the three problems which I have mentioned, viz., the geological antiquity of man. To do this we must make up our minds to part company with the Schoolmen. There is no possible alliance between Jewish Theology and Modern Science. They are irreconcilable enemies. Geology in its present advancement cannot be brought more easily into harmony with the Mosaic cosmogony than with the Gnostic, the Vedic, or the Scandinavian. It has escaped fully and finally from its subjection to the Creed. Sindbad has made the little red man of the sea, who sat so long on his shoulder, tipsy with new wine, tossed him to the ground, and crushed his wicked old head with a stone. Sindbad is free. Geologists have won the right to be Christians without first becoming Jews." He then proceeds to collate the remarkable discoveries of fossil human remains, which have attracted so much attention and discussion of late years. Of the authenticity of these discoveries, we presume, no one has now any doubt; the only resource for a man who is anxious to preserve his preconceived theories is simply to stay at home and refuse to admit geological evidence which has not been brought before his own eyes. In his next division, "On the Dignity of Mankind," Mr. Lesley discusses the position of man among the animals. In doing so, it appears to us that he misrepresents Mr. Darwin on one point. He assumes that if there has been a gradual development of animal life, that continual progress has advanced according to the four lines of Cuvier's classification. "It becomes Mr. Darwin's business," he says, "not only to suggest some plausibly rational mode by which one species could gradually or suddenly pass the short interval which separates it from one another; his explanation must suffice to bridge the awful chasms which have always kept these four great plans of structure separate, along the lines of their development. He must show us how an animal of radial growth could be developed into one of linear growth. Nay, he must fill up the immense interval between the plant and the animal," &c. Now surely this challenge misconceives the theory of Transmutation. Neither Mr. Darwin nor any other naturalist holds that animal life, having advanced to the most perfect of the radiate forms, suddenly leapt into an articulate form; that the most advanced of the articulata became a mollusc; and that the most perfect mollusc, having suddenly become a vertebrate, began the series of creatures ending in man. We are aware that this view of the Darwinian theory is quite common, and that people are accustomed to demolish the theory by triumphantly asking how a whale ever became a monkey. Lamarck, the father of the Transmutationists, held that the progress of organic life has been along an incalculable number of lines—Nature elaborating higher forms out of her primary monads, and these again gradually developing themselves (the intermediate forms dropping out) into the plants and animals we see around us. And as to the "immense interval between the plant and the animal," are not zoologists and botanists continually at this day fighting for the possession of innumerable organisms which the former call animals and the latter plants? Cuvier's great divisions are sufficiently useful approximations; but they are not hard and fast lines—still less are they the equivalent of natural, objective realities—with which any and every theory of life-development must be squared.

In his treatise on "The Unity of Mankind," Mr. Lesley again displays the extent of his information and his intimate acquaintance with recent theories. The subject, however, is one of little more than esoteric interest, and the ordinary reader will be more disposed to turn to the next chapter, on the early social life of mankind. The discovery of the lake-dwellings has recalled this topic from the realm of pure conjecture, the mis-

fortune being that we cannot more accurately fix the date of those lake-dwellers. They seem to have existed in the earliest periods of the world's history of which we know anything, and they were also living in the time of Herodotus; but chronology fails to give us any more precise data. "The best scale of years we have," says Mr. Lesley, "is got from Rutimeyer's list of the animals on which these ancients fed, and especially by the marked change from wild to domestic flesh." The succeeding subjects in the volume are—"Language as a Test of Race," "The Origin of Architecture," "The Growth of the Alphabet," "The Four Types of Religious Worship," and "Arkite Symbolism." The last of these seems to us a monument of wasted labour. It is full of ingenuity, and certainly shows some surprising coincidences in proof of its theory; but that theory we cannot help regarding as altogether fanciful, and the results of it as sometimes absurd. According to Mr. Lesley, all ancient symbolism represented the legend of Noah and the Ark. Armed with this theory, he even ventures to attack the Sphinx. The head of the woman represents the ark; the body, the mountain; the tail, the sea. The spinning of a boy's top is the unconscious perpetuation of this symbolism. The cord is the sea; the top, the mountain. The philological proofs of Mr. Lesley's theory are more satisfactory, for the man must be an idiot who cannot prove anything he desires to prove out of this science. If the reader skips the philology, he will find this book extremely interesting and suggestive. We should add that Mr. Lesley's printer has taken some liberties with several well-known names; e.g., "Conte," "Buckel," "Spenser," "Philips," and "Read."

#### THE SEA-FISHERMAN.\*

WE are always disposed to place the very fullest reliance upon the proverbial patience of anglers; but we doubt whether even that exemplar of patience, the Cockney bottom-fisher, could hear sea-fishing spoken of as an art without breaking out into indignation. The man who passes a whole day in looking steadily at a cork float, varying the amusement by now and then picking up an ounce of scales and bones, may in his occupation present little to excite admiration; but he will tell you that his pastime is in every respect as far above sea-fishing as a liberal profession is superior to scavenging. In fact, he will find it difficult to look upon sea-fishing as anything else than as a kind of labour, or to dissociate it from serious hardship and no inconsiderable quantity of slime and mud. A dandy might, under favourable circumstances, fly-fish miles of a stream without ruffling even the most delicate portions of his plumage; whilst not even the most careful man could pass half an hour sea-fishing without rendering himself an objectionable companion to any human being unfortunate enough to be unprovided with a cold in the head. The contrast between angling and sea-fishing is in other respects decidedly favourable to the rod. If we take that sea-fishing by hand-lines with which any one may make himself acquainted during his yearly fortnight or three weeks at the seaside, it will be found to present very little excitement or variety. The tackle is coarse, the bait anything, and the whole process seldom extends beyond a continuous heaving out and hauling in of a pair of monster hooks, a piece of whalebone, and a couple of dozen yards of thick cord. There is no art needed in hooking the fish, and no possible care can be required in dragging up a pound weight by a line strong enough to tether a bull. The angler, on the other hand, has abundance of exercise. His strolls frequently take him through delightful scenery, and if he expects to carry home a heavy basket he cannot afford for a moment to give way to carelessness or indolence. The mere dropping of a line into the water and allowing it to sink as it may to the bottom will not bring him a two or three-pounder quivering at the end of his tackle. Not only must he be a wily tempter, but he has also to bear in mind that as far as the rights of property are concerned a good-sized fish when hooked is as little his as is a bird in the bush. His light tackle will bear perhaps just a fourth of the weight of the fish it is meant to secure, and he finds all that he has ever heard or known indispensable in the contest. The sea-fisherman hauls up hand over hand with as little fear as if he were whirling up a bucket from a well. The angler, on the other hand, is compelled to keep his opponent from this broken branch of a tree, or that patch of weeds; he has to guard against any open air doings, and to see that his whole

\* The Sea-Fisherman; comprising the Chief Methods of Hook and Line Fishing in the British and other Seas, and Remarks on Nets, Boats, and Boating. By J. C. Wilcock, Guernsey. Profusely illustrated with woodcuts of leads, baited hooks, knots, nets, and boats, &c., &c., and detailed descriptions of the same. Second Edition, much enlarged and entirely rewritten. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.



line is not sent into shivers by a flap of a vicious and powerful tail, or the hook quietly nosed out on the gravel at the bottom of the stream. When at last, however, art has overcome force, and the gaff or landing-net has laid the glistening monster flat upon the green sward, the triumph and sense of enjoyment is one such as hand-lines can never bring. Notwithstanding the natural preference, however, which any one who has ever fished will have for the rod and line, we must not forget that but very few are within reach of a trout or salmon stream, whilst sea-fishing is to be had by any able to spend a week on almost any part of the south coast of England. We have only to turn to the description of a day's fishing which Mr. Wilcocks gives, and we shall find that with favouring circumstances it is by no means difficult to extract an abundance of healthy excitement from a hand-line:—

"Having anchored, we take a dozen or so of the sand-eels out of the basket and place them in the boat's bailer, half filled with water baiting our lines by passing the point of the hook down the throat and out of the gills, then lightly hooking the bait through the skin of the throat just sufficiently to fix the hook, at the same time taking care not to injure the fish, by holding it as carefully as possible. We have here some seven fathoms of water, with a nice stream of tide running, and as the lines stray out astern at about an angle of 45 degrees we pay out rather more than the depth of the water, namely, five leads on the lighter lines at the stern, and four on those amidships, there being intervals of two fathoms between the leads. As I am in the midship part of the boat I take the line of the port side in my hand, and having a bite, hook my fish and haul him in, rebait my hook and put out again, when rattle goes my lead and line on the other side of the boat, and beginning to haul I find I have rather a larger fish, for he makes several violent tugs, and I find it necessary to give a little line. I contrive, however, to turn him as he comes rapidly up, and when he is alongside I dip him up in a short-handled landing-net, the gaff being chiefly reserved for extra large fish. They are now coming along faster, and it is as much as we can do to tend and fresh bait the hooks. 'More bait, please,' I exclaimed, throwing overboard on the line the last of my bailer, and handing it aft to my friend for a fresh supply, who proceeds to replenish from the basket under the stern; but, whilst thus occupied, whizz, rattle, goes his line, and dropping the basket he turns quickly to seize it, but, unmindful of the other little bucket, containing his own bait, knocks it over with his knee, and the little silvery fish are all scattered over the stern-sheets.

"Meanwhile, as there is evidently a weighty fish on the line, I glance round to see the gaff handy. The fish struggles violently, and it becomes necessary to veer out some of the line; he is, however, soon turned, and comes into view through the clear water, his wide side showing yellow as he struggles head to tide, but to no purpose, for as my friend breaks his sheer once more, he is brought to the surface alongside, and inserting the gaff under his gills, he is safely taken in and done for. The fish proves to be nearly a yard long, and weighs full 12 lb. This will be a fellow for boiling; we therefore decide on hanging him up with a lump of salt in his head, for with some oyster sauce he'll eat like a cod-fish."

To any one unread in books upon fishing, a take such as this might be looked upon as a fair day's sport. It is, however, one of the peculiarities of these works that, when dealing with the experiences of fishermen, they secure a day when the weight and number of fish caught will bear comparison with the results of a good many other days put together, and we are consequently not surprised to find Mr. Wilcocks's "Day with a Drift-line" no exception to the general rule:—

"The tide now began to run considerably stronger, and more length on the lines was requisite; I therefore prepared to 'rig a soldier.' A soldier-line is one of two-stranded hemp twine, having for a sinker a two pound mackerel plummet, and is made fast to a strong flexible stick about two feet long, which is stuck into one of the thowl-pin holes in the midship part of the boat, that is to say, in front of the drift-lines. With this line I chiefly fished during the strength of the tide, substituting it for one of the lighter ones, with fair success; but when it slackened I reeled it up and put out the drift-line as before.

"But what is this on my line which hauls as dead as if I had hooked a weed? I hope it's a dory!

"This it turned out to be, and I desired my friend to get ready the hand-net, for it often happens that dories are taken without being hooked at all, but by swallowing a small fish which has previously taken the bait. It is therefore always well to be prepared, and nothing is better than a little hand-net, in which our dory was dipped up, testifying his disapprobation of his entrance into a foreign element by two grunts as he was placed in the basket.

"I think we had better shorten up," I observed, 'as the stream of tide is fast decreasing, or we shall be hooking up in the long ear weed.' On trying my line, however, I found that the hook was already fast in the uneven bottom. I tried jerking and hauling by turns, but it was of no avail, and putting on a steady strain, I got free, but with the loss of the two lengths of double gut, which form the hook links. Two or three minutes, however, served to repair damages, and I was soon at work again.

"Suppose we put out a light line," my friend observed; 'I think we may get a garfish or two on the turning round of the tide.'

"I accordingly baited a line, without any lead on it, and paid out about ten fathoms. Here I made fast a loose thowl-pin, and then secured the end to the stern ring-bolt, leaving about four or five fathoms of slack line. This line had not been out long, before the thowl-pin went overboard with a violent surge, and my friend found

the bait had been seized by a good-sized fish, which, after a little humouring, was brought to boat, and weighed about 5 lb. Four others, all of fair size, followed on this line, and a couple of long-noses also, after robbing us of numerous sand-eels."

It is greatly to be regretted that sea-fishing as an amusement has comparatively so few followers at our sea-bathing villages. An idle saunter along the beach, a cozy nook among the rocks where you can peep into one of those well-thumbed novels always to be found in sea-side lending libraries and never seen elsewhere, and the general feeling of indolence to which a man gives himself up for the first day or two after his escape from business, may be very grateful to the tired worker, but after a time the monotonous inactivity of a watering-place becomes one of the most wearisome and oppressive afflictions that a human being can undergo. There is no earthly reason why sea-fishing should not offer a release to those jaded unfortunates who are driven into noontide donkey-riding and midnight dancing; and if they will only inquire of a fisherman on the beach, or, better still, turn to Mr. Wilcocks's book, they will discover what opportunities of fine healthful amusement they disregard. An afternoon's mackerel or whiting fishing may be considered tame when compared with an hour's whipping of a trout stream; but it has this advantage, that a person who never saw a hook in his life before may kill almost as easily as the man whose whole existence has been passed upon the water. It would be difficult to compile a better book upon sea-fishing than that before us. There is scarcely any branch of the subject which the amateur fisherman will not find treated practically and ably. He is instructed in the different methods of fishing, the tackle and baits to be used, how marks so as to fix upon fishing spots are to be taken, and there is scarcely a sea-fish that does not receive the fullest attention. Rod-fishing in harbours and from rocks, and sea fly-fishing are not forgotten. The illustrations are most ably executed and unsparingly introduced throughout the book.

#### TWO NEW NOVELS.\*

WAR forms so indispensable an element in a military novel that we really are afraid to speculate upon the straits to which some of our novelists will be reduced should this country continue to maintain its present peaceful attitude. Waterloo has been fought out over and over again, until people must have been heartily tired of that decisive battle, and have wished that it had never taken place or that its literature had been confined to the despatches of the Great Duke. The Crimean war fortunately gave a new turn to those romances which are confined to daring achievements and affectionate dialogues: it filled our stages with gunpowder-smoke and winter costume, and enabled writers whose powers of conception were vastly in excess of their respect for probability to bring about reunions on the shores of the Black Sea of nearly all the inhabitants of an English parish. The Crimean war, in its turn, gave way to the Indian mutiny, and that disturbance has been so freely used that we had almost thought nothing had been left of it, and that Hindostanee had ceased to press out the vernacular English from the pages of our works of fiction. Mr. Grant's novel, however, seems to remind us of the fact that, at least in literature, it requires one war to get rid of another, and it would appear that we must patiently and in suffering await our release from the effects of the Indian mutiny through the intervention of some terrific battle. Although we cannot with truthfulness say that we are not heartily tired of all that relates to war in the East, we are not disposed to find fault with Mr. James Grant for availing himself of the materials which have served so many others before. It was necessary that he should display before his readers the combined operations of love and war, and it is difficult to see how he could have used materials different from those he has. Fenianism showed little love and no valour; and the German missionaries who gave occasion to the Abyssinian expedition were obviously subjects from which it would be hopeless to attempt extracting anything romantic. Dealing with the phases of life which he had to present to his readers, it was absolutely necessary that Mr. Grant should transfer his characters and events to India, and in India we find them. Leaving out what the playbills would describe as Hindoos, Parsees, officers, soldiers, &c., we find that "First Love and Last Love" is mainly devoted to the sufferings and exploits of Jack Harrower, a captain in the Cornish Light Infantry; Rowley Mellon, an

\* First Love and Last Love: a Tale of the Indian Mutiny. By James Grant, Author of "The Romance of War," "The King's Own Borderers," "Second to None," &c. Three vols. London: George Routledge & Sons.  
One Foot in the Grave. A Love Story. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.



officer in the same regiment; and Dicky Rivers, a young ensign. These gentlemen are in love with the three daughters of Dr. Weston, an English clergyman residing at Delhi. Dicky Rivers carries on a boy-and-girl flirtation with his cousin Polly Weston, a little maiden of between fifteen and sixteen. Rowley Mellon is engaged to be married to Kate, her sister; and Jack Harrower, after having been once jilted by Lena, the eldest daughter, is endeavouring once more to find his way to her affections. It would appear that in the younger days of both of them in England Lena and Jack had been on very affectionate terms. Indeed, the author describes her lips as "those that he had kissed in moments of happiness, known to themselves only;" and her eyes as "those that had looked into his for hours together before *that man* came." The man who brought this exquisite but somewhat monotonous gaze to a termination was a Colonel Rudkin, who, after supplanting Jack in Miss Weston's affections, jilts the young lady, and marries a woman with money. Lena would appear, in some unaccountable way, to have always loved Jack Harrower; but, although her affection for him is as strong as ever, Jack has but slight hopes of being able to induce her to marry him. He manages, however, during a favourable opportunity, when they are riding out alone, to address to her some endearing expressions; and there is no knowing what the lady's reply might have been when, just unfortunately at that instant, she assumed an aspect quite inconsistent with the occasion. "She was abstracted, her teeth were clenched, her face was pale, her muscles rigid, and her eyes were fixed on an officer who was riding past at a slow trot." This officer, it is needless to say, was Colonel Rudkin, who, having buried his wealthy wife, returns to India, and once more pays suit to Lena. The Colonel is, however, by no means so successful as his vanity had led him to expect. When he tells her that she is as beautiful and as winning as ever, she grows pale "with many combined emotions," and instructs him generally in the first principles of politeness by informing him that "Gross flattery is nearly akin to rudeness;" and when he throws out a doubt as to whether she ever loved him, she replies by a withering "Sir!" that must have demolished any one of less elevated military rank, and she brings the conversation to a conclusion somewhat after the manner of a heroine at a travelling theatre—"But if ever I do love again as I once loved, if ever I marry, as I know my father and sisters wish me, it shall be with John Trevanion Harrower, and not *you*; and of that you may be assured, for the good and honest fellow loves me dearly still." Harrower's suit, however, by no means makes the progress which one would have expected, both from the lady's ripe age of five-and-twenty and the interest she took in him. She tells him that she will never marry. "Kate will," she says, "and Polly may; but I shall abide by my poor old papa, and be the prop of his declining years." It is abundantly clear that nothing but a violent remedy could be expected to have any effect upon a young lady entertaining views so singular as these, and the Mutiny is consequently called into requisition, and produces the desired result. On the very morning of the marriage of Mellon and Kate, and just as the ceremony has been concluded, a wounded officer enters the church and announces to his General, who happens to be present, that the native troops at Meerut have revolted, murdered all their officers, and were then within an hour's march of Delhi. The author describes with very considerable power and fidelity the atrocities which ensued upon the breaking out of the mutiny, and during which Kate, Polly, and Lena are separated, and undergo unheard-of sufferings. Polly, having excited the admiration of one of the King's sons, is carried into the palace of Delhi, and placed in the harem of one of the Princes, Abubekir. This gentleman adopts what we must presume is an Eastern method of establishing himself in Polly's heart. His manly beauty is extolled to her by hideous old women, and he occasionally enters into animated discussions with her upon the political prospects of the day. In these conversations Polly has generally the best of the dispute, and she conducts the arguments with a coolness and ingenuity creditable in the extreme when we remember the dangerous position which she occupied. The Prince is equally unhappy in his protestations of affection. When he tells her that he has already three wives, and that he will make her a fourth, she appears to object less to matrimony than to the age of her proposed husband, and the plurality of his wives. When he tells her he loves her, she thinks of him as "an old married man—the odious idea—how shall I speak to the wretch;" and when she has explained to her that the Mohammedan religion permits a man to have four wives—"I always knew that, my lord," replied Polly, amid her dismay, blushing in spite of herself (we don't see why so estimable a young person should have endeavoured to sup-

press all indications of her modesty), "but it cannot be—it cannot be, for so far as I am concerned—pardon me—but indeed, indeed I would rather die." Kate, through the aid of a good-natured Parsee, manages to hide for a time, and is on the point of escaping from Delhi, acting the part of a corpse being carried off for burial, but she is stopped at the gate, and falls into the hands of a scoundrel, named Pershad Sing, who emulates the conduct of the Prince. Desiring to excite her love for him, he gets a hideous fakir to sing amorous songs in Oordoo, but as Kate was utterly ignorant of that language it is unnecessary to say that Pershad Sing was disappointed, and that Kate in time was restored to her husband. Lena and Jack Harrower are providentially thrown together, and, after long wanderings in the forests, she is ultimately brought to confess to him the state of her affections. "I acted like a silly coquette, an idiot girl, but be assured that I never loved you then, dear, dear Jack, so sincerely as I love you now. . . . I love you, Jack; forgive me, and I shall never err again." For perfect happiness it was only necessary that they should escape from the Sepoys, and this they ultimately succeeded in doing. Although we are quite prepared to look upon Mr. James Grant's description of the sayings and doings of military men as being fairly true to nature, he at times, as it appears to us, fails to take into account that strong common sense of which army men have as large a stock as other people. It is just possible that an officer should carry carefully about with him a bible with his mother's name in it, and numerous collections of locks of hair, but that his native servant should gloat over these things as portions of the spoil that were to be his, is carrying even Indian greed to an extreme. When we also find the same officer speaking of a rifle shot at an estimated range of six hundred yards as a pot shot, we are justified in bemoaning his ignorance of musketry. In Mr. Grant's novel, as in most of our modern novels, there are numerous defects. We refer to them, however, in no unkind spirit.

The author of "One Foot in the Grave" does not leave the reader long in suspense as to the nature of the plot. On the very first page we learn that we have to do with an old general officer who fought at Waterloo, and whose only daughter eloped from school with her French master, Pierre La Touche. After the flight of his daughter, General Courtenay became one of those ill-used old gentlemen who are so useful to novelists. It is impossible to form any adequate notion of the incidents which may be extracted from an old gentleman who has suffered a disappointment, and who uses his will or his marriage settlement as an instrument of torture. General Courtenay adopts his nephew Frank as his heir, and prepares him for his inheritance by giving him a large control over his property. Frank falls in with some new comers to the neighbourhood, a Mr. St. Barbe, who gives it out that he has come from India, and sports the title of "honourable," and Frank finds himself in love with Blanche St. Barbe, and becomes engaged to be married to her. During the progress of the love-making, however, General Courtenay dies, disinheriting Frank, and leaving all his property to his granddaughter Catherine La Touche, but upon the condition that she is to marry her cousin by a certain time, or all the possessions are to go to a charity. Frank is disconsolate, but as a rumour is afloat that the young heiress is dying of consumption, he and Blanche arrange that the marriage shall take place in compliance with the will, and that on Catherine's death they shall become man and wife. In the progress of the story the growth of Frank's love for his cousin is prettily described, and we need scarcely say that in the result Catherine does not die, and that she and Frank become very happy.

#### CHURCH VESTMENTS.\*

APART from their obnoxious application to services for which they were never intended, the subject of Church vestments is by no means an uninteresting one, nor, on the whole, could it be treated with more ability than by Mrs. Dolby in the volume before us. She has had the assistance of her husband in its illustrations, and with regard to the letter-press she has found guidance in the study of the works of the late Welby Pugin, and of Dr. Daniel Rock, both eminent authorities on matters of this nature. In turning over her pages we have at times been in doubt whether Mrs. Dolby is a Roman Catholic, writing for the instruction of the vestment-makers of the Roman Church, or whether she is what is called an Anglican. In her preface she says that she has observed an undoubted demand

\* Church Vestments: Their Origin, Rise, and Ornament. Practically illustrated. By Anastasia Dolby. London: Chapman & Hall.



"for special instruction concerning just forms, correct designs, and fitting materials for the robes appointed to be worn by the ministers of the Catholic Church in the discharge of their holy functions." Probably such instructions would not have been far to seek in a Communion which is, so to speak, "to the manner born;" while it is possible that the Ritualists have been proceeding at such a pace in their innovation, that they may not quite have understood the meaning or requisites of all the ecclesiastical millinery in which they have been decking themselves. But, not to speak of the frontispiece, a costly representation of "A Pontifical High Mass," at the point of "the offertory," the work is so thoroughly Roman Catholic, and so founded on Roman Catholic authorities and precedents, that we doubted whether its author could have any connection at all with the Protestant Church of England. At page 188 she speaks of a set of vestments which were presented to St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, in 1853, by Sir George Bowyer, and which "were worked and made under our direction." This seemed to settle the matter. But on the very next page the possibility of Mrs. Dolby's being an Anglican, writing for the instruction of Anglicans, is revived, and we may say established, by a very singular passage. She is instructing the sacristan upon his duties as regards "the robes of the holy altar," the care he should take of them, and the knowledge he ought to have of their contents. Then comes this remarkable passage:—"Twenty years ago such a man might have been difficult to find to occupy this post in the Church of England, for we believe that no power on earth could have converted the stereotyped parish clerk of half a century back into the duly-qualified verger or sacristan. Happily, however, this is not now the condition of such things in any church where its rites are solemnly observed; and we can suppose that in every band of choristers, or acolytes, there is a youth of good principles and right feeling ready to be selected for initiation and instruction in the duties of a sacristan."

Thus, then, Mrs. Dolby's book is valuable to those who have no faith in vestments, as showing the extent to which this branch of Ritualism has proceeded. Indeed there could hardly be a better gauge of the whole subject of Ritualism. It is pure unmitigated Roman Catholicism. The Ritualists may well abjure the name "Protestant." It is the negation of every doctrine they hold as symbolized by their vestments. Hear how Mrs. Dolby discourses on the subject generally:—"The ceremonial of the priestly dress, so clearly enjoined for the Church of the Law, is nowhere abrogated in the Gospel, and if, as true believers, we accept what St. John beheld in his vision of the Church in heaven as the type of that which should glorify the worship of the Almighty Father in this Church upon earth, we, who find our vocation in working vestments for the servants of the Lord, should hold ourselves bound to favour no sacerdotal garment or decoration, therefore, which is not especially produced for, and, as far as piety and human means can qualify it, regally worthy of the solemn services of the King of Kings. . . . Every good authority which we can bring to bear upon the subject agrees in assuring us that the main features of ecclesiastical dress have remained unaltered from the first, and, with few exceptions, as we recognise them in the Roman Catholic Church of the present day." Roman Catholic practice is thus held up as the model upon which Anglican practice is to be formed; and to the extent to which the model is adopted it is reasonable to conclude that what it symbolizes is also adopted. But we are not left to inference upon this matter. Mrs. Dolby recognises the "amice" amongst the proper priestly vestments, and she tells her readers (page 26) that since its introduction in the eighth century till now "it has been the first vestment put on by the minister over his cassock, when robing for the Mass." (!) Next comes the "alb," which, after the amice, is "put on over the cassock, alike by Pope, prelate, priest, deacon, and sub-deacon, when robing for the Mass." Then there is the "girdle," which "is used by every priest to confine his alb;" and then comes the "chasuble," which is "the sacrificial robe." "From the earliest days of the Christian priesthood till now," Mrs. Dolby writes, "the chasuble has been the especial robe given to the servants of the Lord at their ordination. And no true Catholic priest, we are authorized to say, has ever yet dared to celebrate the Holy Mass divested of this garment, consecrated for his highest office in the Church." Mrs. Dolby finds fault with those "Ritualistic clergymen" who make their chasubles from "plain silks or damasks of the lightest and softest fabrication;" and she still hopes "to see the day when we may no longer have to read in Church papers repeated appeals from the same clergymen for sums wherewith to buy vestments—sums which scandalize us by their insignificance, each being often

less than a middle-class wife or daughter will spend on her second-best gown." After this we need hardly pursue the subject. Ritualism has reached such a point that it must have its text-books upon vestments, and the sample of this kind of literature before us, shows, without doubt, what those vestments mean. The question now is, how long are clergymen of the Church of England to be allowed to play at Popery within its pale?

#### A SUMMER AND WINTER IN NORWAY.\*

It is becoming the fashion of lady travellers, instead of confiding their experiences to chosen friends, to take the whole public into their confidence by printing them. The practice is commendable in many respects. A lady setting out like Doctor Syntax "to make a tour and write it," will be apt to regard her travels from a more intelligent point of view than is customary with mere pleasure-seekers. She will make them all the more profitable to herself; and it is hard if a clever, observant woman, if she sets her mind to it, will go from Dan to Beersheba without picking up something on the way which her friends and the public will be glad to read. Women are lively narrators. If there is a good deal of twaddle in their books, if they take it too much for granted that their readers will feel as much interest as themselves in the disposition of their luggage, or their sensations under the influence of unfavourable weather at sea, or the contrasts between their boudoirs and their berths, or their difficulties in regard of their lady's-maids—we can forgive this as the result of inexperience. When ladies have learnt to make tours and write them, they avoid these small impertinences. But we are bound to say of Lady Di Beauclerk's little narrative that it is unusually free from them. If we do not find in it an absorbing interest, we cannot accuse it of being in any respect dull. It is written sensibly throughout, and we commence it with a feeling of respect for the courage which led two English ladies of title to undertake a voyage to Norway with no other protection than a lady's maid—a party who, if difficulty arises, generally requires more protection than she gives. Lady Di Beauclerk's descriptive powers are not vivid, but we feel an interest in her adventure from the way in which it was undertaken; and here and there we come upon passages which may tempt some of her ladyship's friends to repeat her experiment. It was in the summer of last year, she tells us, that after due consideration her mother came to the conclusion that a change from the ordinary routine of visits to country-houses, trips to Scotland, &c., might be made with advantage. Accordingly, they decided upon Norway, and after much opposition from friends, took passage by the *North Star*, and arrived at Christiania. There they purchased three carriages, and stocked them with provisions; one to be driven by the duchess, one by her ladyship, and one by Teresina, her maid. Thus equipped they set out upon their travels, not without a mishap at first start. The author's carriage was to lead the way, her mother's to come next, and Teresina's to follow. "We started: my progress was all that could be desired, and after awhile I looked back, but not a sign of the coming party could be seen. In fact, Teresina had never driven before, and evidently her notion of driving had more of progress than prudence, with limited notions of the perils of obstruction. The result was that, applying her whip, and neglecting the reins, she ran into my mother's carriage, and a serious smash was nearly the consequence." But after this matters went pretty smoothly, and the party were delighted with their novel mode—novel to them—of seeing the country. "There is nothing so charming as travelling by carriage in fine weather, especially for the first time, when there is a novelty about it quite delightful. Everything seemed so new, and it gave one more the idea of riding through the country in an arm-chair than anything else; and the mild excitement of driving oneself takes away from any feeling of idleness. . . . Nothing could be more beautiful than the scenery and waterfalls. The roads were good, and the little horses trotted along in a most satisfactory manner." Her ladyship thinks that "fifty miles a day is quite enough for ladies who travel for pleasure, and who enjoy stopping an hour in the middle of the day for the purpose of refreshment." Thus, after two days' journey they reached Toftemöen from Lillehammer, where they found a clean and comfortable hotel, and a charming country showing a profusion of wild flowers, that perfumed the air and made the fields look like a garden: with strawberries and large sweet roses in every direction. At Toftemöen they made a pilgrimage up the mountains to see the abode of the

\* A Summer and Winter in Norway. By Lady Di Beauclerk. Illustrated by the Author's Sketches. London: John Murray.



descendant of the old Kings of Norway, and to pay our respects to him. "The family retain something of their former state, inasmuch as, like all Royal personages, they only marry among themselves; and, supposing only one cousin is available, the lady not selected is compelled to remain in single blessedness for life. It was a curious sight, in those very changeable times, to find this old man despising the world, and living happily in a circle of his own, made out of the relics of a departed greatness. His farmhouse was a perfect collection of curiosities. He showed us his crowns, one of iron and one gilt; introduced us to a young princess, his daughter; treated us to sherry; and we then departed down the mountain, and returned to our inn." Their next halting-place was Aak, in the Valley of Revesdal. Lady Di Beauclerk gives a very charming description of this peaceful retreat, and of the three weeks she spent there, in "the snug little wooden inn, so nice, so clean, so comfortable!" The accommodation was somewhat primitive, for the ladies had to reach their bedrooms by a ladder; but nothing could surpass the tranquillity and loveliness of the place. "No description can do it justice. It must be an unhappy mind that could not find new life and happiness in such a spot, on which Nature had showered her comforts and blessings in the richest abundance." Our authoress was determined to enter into all the pleasures of Norway, and we find her making progress in one place in salmon-fishing, at another venturing upon skates; occasionally varying her occupation by sketching some view which strikes her. But here we must take our leave of her ladyship. This record of her ten months' residence in Norway needs no apology. It is a thoroughly pleasant little volume, and will, we have no doubt, tempt others to follow her very sensible example.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*A Supplement to the "Imperial Gazetteer": a General Dictionary of Geography, Physical, Political, Statistical, and Descriptive.* Edited by W. G. Blackie, Ph.D., F.R.G.S., Editor of the "Imperial Atlas." Illustrated with Views and Plans of the more Remarkable Cities, Ports, and Harbours. (Blackie & Son.)

The excellent "Imperial Gazetteer" of the Messrs. Blackie & Son is well known to many readers; but some years have now elapsed since its publication, and several changes have taken place in the condition of various states and kingdoms, while, as regards Africa, Australia, and other little-known parts of the world, a large body of facts has been accumulated, of which the gazetteer is bound to take notice. In Eastern Asia, the Russians, advancing along the Amoor, have thrown new light on the neighbouring countries; recent expeditions to China have augmented our knowledge of that empire; the Arctic regions have been further explored, and the remoter parts of America opened to the inquiring eye of the traveller. All this has rendered a supplement to the original work highly desirable, and we are delighted to possess the present volume, which has evidently been compiled with great care. It comprises a large number of articles, bringing the information on all subjects down to the latest available date, and at the end we find an elaborate and useful abstract of the censuses of 1851 and 1861. The article on the "United States" gives an account of the great civil war and its results, and that on "London" contains an ample sketch of the metropolitan improvements and extensions of the last ten years or so. Like all Messrs. Blackie's publications, the volume is admirably printed, and adorned with a number of woodcut views of places, some of which are charming as works of art.

*Cameos from English History, from Rollo to Edward II.* By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." (Macmillan & Co.)

The title "Cameos from English History" is a little fantastic; but it is explained as meaning a series of detached narratives, like gems in full relief, which, by isolating the great events of our history from the less important connecting links, seeks to give greater prominence and force to the main results. The book is intended for young people, yet for those who have got beyond the extremely elementary histories that are written for children. "The endeavour," according to the author, "has not been to chronicle facts, but to put together a series of pictures of persons and events, so as to arrest the attention, and give some individuality and distinctness to the recollection, by gathering together details at the most memorable moments." How historical pictures are to be prepared without chronicling facts we must confess we do not understand, unless on the supposition that history has nothing to do with facts. Accordingly we find that the little book before us does "chronicle facts," and in a very vivid and picturesque manner. It contains a large amount of information in a concentrated form, and so skilfully and well is the adventurous, personal, and dramatic element brought out that any boy of intelligence will find these narratives as fascinating as the most exciting fiction ever penned. The work seems to have been carefully and con-

scientiously done, and we shall be glad to see the second volume, comprising the wars in France and those of the Roses, which the author promises us.

*Le Docteur au Village. Entretiens familiers sur l'Hygiène.* By Hippolyte Meunier. (Paris and London: Hachette.)

Perhaps the most important of all knowledge is to know how to live. Yet how few are there, except medical men, who have studied the laws of health. Were the elementary rules of hygiene generally understood and practised disease might almost be extirpated. The chief reason why the science of life is so lamentably neglected, is, we believe, the want of simply written books on the subject. The use of technical terms, which are by no means indispensable, for the ideas can always be expressed in familiar language, disgusts most persons; and yet we know of very few, or any, works in English free from this drawback. The French, judging from the volume before us, are in advance of us in this respect. "Le Docteur au Village" consists of a number of conversations on the laws of health written in such a way as to be comprehensible to any one, and yet no important fact is omitted. Such a book is calculated to be most useful to the many thousands who know less of their own marvellous machinery than of anything in the world. The book has another recommendation—its cost is such that it is within the reach of all. Such a work is sadly wanted in English, and its translation into our language would be a service to the English public. As a French book it would form capital reading for advanced students, and be much better practice in French, and much more interesting and profitable than the silly tales which are but too much in use.

*L'Année Géographique.* By M. Vivien de Saint Martin. (Paris and London: Hachette.)

This is an annual review of the progress of geographical discovery in all parts of the world, in which a minute record is kept of all voyages and travels, explorations and missions, which occur each year. Careful reviews also appear of all publications on geography and ethnography. This is the sixth year of the publication of this *Revue*, and judging from the number before us, 1867, it appears to be a most valuable work of reference, compiled with the greatest care and conscientiousness. Abyssinia, of course, holds a conspicuous place in this part. We sincerely hope that the success which we have heard has attended this publication hitherto will continue.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Allen (Dr.), *Select English Poetry*. 14th edit. Fcap., 4s.  
 Atkinson (J. C.), *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*. Fcap. 4to., 24s.  
 Aytoun (Professor), *The Glenmutchkin Railway, &c.* Fcap., 1s.  
 Boating Life at Oxford. Cr. 8vo., 1s.  
 Brookes (R.), *General Gazetteer*. New edit. 18mo., 5s.  
 Brown (A. H.), *Organ Harmonies for Gregorian Psalm Tunes*. Royal 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Buchan (A.), *Handy Book of Meteorology*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.  
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